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DL Station Wagon

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Next Week

SSST Before you mortgage the house to invest in Kentucky Derby favorite Honest Pleasure, be aware that he has a problem. He could be too fast for his own good. Ernest Havemann tells why.

THE FALL AND RISE of Yankee Stadium, including this week's reopening, is depicted in color photos as Bronx-born Robert Lipyte recalls the glory days and gives his view of the new park

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TELANDER: HOME FROM THE DEEP

When Rick Telander was growing up in landlocked Peoria, Ill., he imagined the sea to be something delightfully mysterious. He first saw salt water during a family vacation in Panama City, Fla. when he was five years old. "I went galloping into the Gulf of Mexico as fast as I could," says Telander. "I hadn't been in the water for more than 20 seconds when I ran into a Portuguese man-of-war. Suddenly the sea became very real to me." Young Telander spent the ensuing week in bed nursing his wounds.

Like Melville's brooding Quasquet, Telander might have taken that encounter as an ominous warning to keep both feet planted firmly on dry ground. The happy fact that he did not has resulted in *Bringing the Hand That Feeds Them*, which begins on page 44.

It is worth noting that the idea for this week's aquatic adventure did not originate with Telander. He dived in only after two other writers had passed up the project. "My body is sacred," said one. "I make it a habit never to swim with sharks."

When Telander arrived at the New England Aquarium in Boston, he had no time to develop similar misgivings.

He was hustled into scuba gear and dropped into water that was infested with sharks, barracudas and moray eels. "I didn't even have a chance to look into the tank beforehand, which may have been a blessing," he says.

There are no doubt times when even Marlin Perkins or Jacques Cousteau takes pause from subduing yaks or wrestling giant squid to give serious thought to a career in, say, real estate. Telander had just such a moment when he came eyeball to eyeball with a voracious shark. "My first thought was to get out of there by the fastest means possible," he says. "But I quickly overcame that urge and began to approach the whole thing with a feeling of resignation. I decided that if I'm going to die for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, I might as well do it at the bottom of a fish tank."

Having survived his watery ordeal, Telander, who this month becomes one of our special contributors, is back in Illinois, growing a beard and writing a book on Joe Namath. Doing research last autumn while the Jets were suffering through one of their worst seasons, Telander found himself pressed into service as a wide receiver in practice. "Three of their regular players were hurt, and they needed bodies," says Telander, a second-team all-Big Ten defensive back at Northwestern and the Chiefs' eighth draft pick in 1971.

"With the Jets I found out that I couldn't fool around because the coaches would yell at me," he says. "After they started losing, I quit hanging around at practice. All the losing got to me, just as it got to the members of the Jets. When I left I was convinced that there were a number of players who thought I was just some guy trying out for the team."

All of which makes Telander sound like a refugee from the gang wars in *West Side Story*. He has been demoralized by the Jets and nearly eaten alive by the Sharks—to say nothing of being cut by the Chiefs.

Sack Meyer

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Footloose

by CARLTON STOWERS

**PRO QUARTERBACKS DON'T GET RATTLED,
EVEN WHEN GASSING A DEN OF RATTLES**

In Abilene, Texas, diversion is where you are fortunate enough to find it, and Clint Longley used to amuse himself and his friends by carrying a trash basketful of live rattlesnakes into Abilene Christian dormitories. The Dallas Cowboy reserve quarterback says it was great sport to let a couple of angry rattlers loose in the halls. You should have been there, he says, the day he and several classmates located a prize den, capturing no less than 230 snakes.

The pastime of rattlesnake hunting is not all that unusual in those dry bed areas of the Southwest where western diamondbacks are as plentiful as rain and cool breezes are scarce. It began as a necessary chore, farmers and ranchers gathering each spring to do what they could to diminish the snake population. But in recent years virtually every town in West Texas hosts a Rattlesnake Roundup, complete with prizes and a pretty girl to reign over the festivities as Rattlesnake Queen.

Captured snakes are milked of venom for vaccine. Their hides are used for belts, billboards, purses and handbags, their skulls sold to curio-shop dealers and, finally, their meat fried. "A lot of people will tell you that it tastes like the white meat of chicken," says Longley. "Personally, I'll just stick with the chicken."

Longley spends each spring roaming the West Texas wastelands. "Finding snakes is easy once word gets around that you're looking for them," he says. "I've had ranchers call and tell me they've found a den in a back pasture and ask if I'd come out and get them."

It was such a call that had Longley and friends Wayne Smith, Terry Lankford and Louie Trammell driving down a dusty country road outside Abilene last spring. In the back of the pickup was their equipment—a covered trash basket, gasoline to be poured into the den (the fumes aggravate the snakes and drive them to the surface), strap sticks (broom handles with leather loops that can be drawn around the snakes), pinning sticks (which resemble golf putters and are used to hold down the snakes' heads) and a sack of crushed ice. This they hope they won't have to use. "If someone gets bit," Longley said, "we'll put ice on the area to slow the spread of the poison and get the hell to the hospital as fast as this ol' pickup will carry us."

By the time the hunters arrived at their destination the sun was high and the tem-

penitence was climbing fast. "There are all kinds of myths about rattlesnakes," Longley said. "For instance, most people think they thrive on hot weather but the truth is they can't tolerate being exposed to temperatures over 75° or 80° for any length of time. That's why in the summer you find them under rocks or in holes or under a pile of brush. They'll move around only in the early morning and late evening to find food."

"It's not too hot yet, though, so we should be able to find a few out of the den, sunning," he continued. "But in a couple of hours they'll be looking for shelter."

The den was located near an old, long abandoned line camp shack, a clapboard remainder of Texas cattlemen. A nearby cellar had caved in and its maze of crevices had become the home of rattlers. Three large males were curled atop large rocks near the den. Still lethargic from six months of hibernation, they took little notice as the hunters crept up on them and gently slipped the loops of the strap sticks around their necks. The snakes were dropped into the trash basket, and careful search began for other snakes outside the den. "That's the easy part," Longley said. "Those snakes weren't upset. You've just got to be sure you get all those that are out of the den before you start gassing the holes. When they start coming out of those rocks you don't have much time to worry about where you're standing or what you might step on."

The gassing of the den immediately provoked an angry hissing. "Get ready!" Wayne Smith yelled.

The snakes began appearing, their heads high, bobbing hypnotically, tongues darting. The hunters moved in before the snakes were completely out of the hole. As soon as one was bagged, another appeared. Snakes were escaping through the crevices.

It was over in a matter of minutes. A dozen diamondbacks, ranging in size from 2 to 4½ feet, had been captured. Despite continued gassing of the den, no more snakes appeared. Clearly, the hunters were disappointed. "It's getting a little late in the year," Longley said. "A lot of snakes have gone their separate ways for the summer. In the cold months the rattlesnake is a social creature, hibernating with others, but in the warm months he hunts and lives alone."

On the ride home Longley said not one of his Cowboy teammates had accepted his invitation to go on a rattlesnake hunt. He can't understand that, nor the discomfort of those who visit his Dallas townhouse and find a live rattlesnake in a living room terrarium.

"Everyone worries about getting bit," he said. "Shoot, I've never been bitten. It would be embarrassing to get bit." Turning the radio dial to a country music station, he steered the pickup off the dirt road and back onto the highway to Abilene. In the back, the crushed ice had all but melted away. **END**

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT CANTWELL

MEMOIRS OF PIONEERS WHO HIKED ALL 2,023 MILES OF THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL

Forty-six people who walked every one of the 2,023 miles have contributed their diaries and recollections to *Hiking the Appalachian Trail* (Rodale Press, Inc., Emmaus, Pennsylvania, \$39.95). It is an astonishing work that would be indispensable for hikers, except that it is too heavy to carry and too long to memorize. The two handsome volumes weigh seven pounds. That is more than the weight of a modern pack frame.

The work includes a brief history of the trail, recounting how in 1921 Benton MacKaye proposed its general outlines in an architectural journal; how scattered regional hiking and climbing clubs were organized to connect existing wilderness trails; and how volunteer workers created a rough path that ran from Mount Katahdin, Maine, to Mount Springer, Ga.—generally clear, mapped, measured, blazed with trail markers or post and spotted with some 270 shelters. In recent years the Forest Service and agencies of the 14 states through which the trail passes have lent assistance, but most of the surveying, brush cutting, lean-to building (and negotiation with landowners for permission to cross their property) was accomplished by unpaid outdoor enthusiasts. In the process they tapped some wonderful wild scenery otherwise inaccessible, created a national treasure and left the most remarkable example of private cooperative enterprise in conservation history.

Myron Avery, who has been president of the Appalachian Trail Conference for 21 years, was the first to make it from one end of the trail to the other, pushing a moving-wheel much of the way—but he did it in many short trips, some seven years apart. The first to cover the entire distance in one continuous walk was Earl Shaffer, who in 1948, just out of the Army, made the trip in 124 days. The most celebrated pioneer was Mrs. Emma Gatewood, who was 68 when she completed the first of her three full-distance hikes in 1955. Reading about this fierce old lady prompted other outdoorsmen to traverse the trail.

There is a fundamental difference between the reports of early hikers and the day-by-day (or almost hour-by-hour) accounts of contemporaries. That of Dorothy Laker runs to 213 pages. It is a book in itself. Four other diaries and memoirs are neatly as long. A Florida salesgirl, she planned to walk the trail with a companion who, however, backed out at the last minute. She started

alone in the rain on April 18, 1957, "discouraged and feeling conspicuous." Her prose is honest, unadorned and uncompromising and sometimes communicates with genuine power the incredible loneliness of her live-month journey. She was frightened by several bears, saw any number of deer, had a harmless encounter with a porcupine, another with a skunk, and caught glimpses of perhaps half a dozen raccoons and one mouse. Sometimes she had the company of fellow hikers but only for short distances—usually she was all by herself. Near the Tennessee border, a young man came running out of the woods and she tried to strike up a conversation with him but he kept on running.

Always in a hurry, if she was to reach Katahdin before the snow closed in, she was oppressed with "the feeling I was passing wonderful scenery and hardly seeing it at all." She was drenched by 40 days of rain. In the steep and narrow climbs in Vermont, "at one point I lay down on the rocks and cried." When she was 255 miles from Katahdin, "I kept noticing how much my feet hurt." But then with rest and a good camp, "the lightning bugs began to sparkle and the frogs in the lake began to sing and I was charmed out of my evil mood.... This perfect, bowl-shaped hollow, scooped out of the mountainside, rimmed with conifers, with a saucer of blue-green water below me that rippled with the wind and slapped the shore so loudly, I could hear it.... the charm and beauty of the trail affected me so much that I never wanted to leave it."

Raymond Baker was inspired to make the walk at age 56 after watching the hikers on the Appalachian Trail who passed his New Jersey dairy farm. Howard Bassett made the long walk in 1968 following his retirement after 39 years with a telephone company. James Shuttuck, age 51, undertook the first winter trip. "What a lonely place is a national forest in winter," he wrote on March 3, 1967, on a 4,000-foot mountain in Virginia, "wind howling, no sign of civilization, and mountain ranges on both sides."

Why did they do it? In the early years before the trail was well known, people who observed hikers trudging along often asked, "Are you working for the government?" By 1970, portions of the trail were frequently crowded, shelters were often filled (if they had not been wrecked by vandals) and serious hikers sometimes were inconvenienced by drinking parties, pot parties, nudist hikers and military exercises. Most of the long-distance hikers seemed to feel that tramping from Georgia to Maine in one unbroken walk was a way of not enjoying the trail, that it required too heavy a pack, too much planning for supplies, too fast a pace through the most pleasant areas. But the effort was worth it still is—because of the solitary self-testing that takes place.

Walking the Appalachian Trail is something to do, not read about. **END**

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MOVIETALK

by ANITA YERSCHOT

A FLUCKY JAPANESE SKIS DOWN THE FACE OF EVEREST AND WINS AN OSCAR

The notion of a man skiing down Mount Everest is absurd, but on May 6, 1970 one did, and we have proof of it in an 80-minute color documentary just released in the U.S. by Specialty Films. Last month the movie won an Academy Award as Best Feature Documentary, but skier Yuzichiro Miura deserves considerably more than a 10-inch statue. To tackle Mount Everest he had to be an expert mountain climber as well as an expert skier. He had to withstand cold, blinding sun, the extremely rarefied air and the 100-mph winds that whip the summit. He had to subvert down the sheet of ice falling away at 40 degrees from the 26,151-foot South Col and stop his flying body above the Bergschlund, the abyss looming at the end of the run. The man who skied the wall of Everest and leaped away in a stocky Japanese—37 years old at the time—who calls himself an adventurer, poet and philosopher. He believes that life should be challenging.

Everest was an expensive challenge, costing Miura's supporters \$3 million and six Sherpas his lives. But since Miura took a camera crew along on his journey, we now can witness the extraordinary event.

Miura's run in *The Man Who Skied Down Everest* lasts two minutes, 20 seconds, but the film covers all phases of the adventure. It opens in Katmandu, the gathering place of Himalayan expeditions, with the eerie sounds of gongs and long horns coming from Nepalese monasteries. From here, Miura and his party of 32 Japanese and some 800 porters and Sherpas set out on an 18-day trek to Base Camp at 17,172 feet. They walk through lush rice fields and hike over and mountain passes, their skirt stupas—Buddhist sanctuaries with "all-seeing" eyes—and wander through settlements alive with the curious. They spend their nights in a yellow-lent village, always set up near a stream. Frequently, the cameras focus on Miura, a steady hiker with a transistor radio in his hand and a rucksack on his back. Often he is bare-chested and bare-legged, displaying his powerful torso and call muscles.

There are flashbacks to Tokyo, where Miura makes his home, and to earlier skiing feats that qualified him for this ambitious endeavor. He is seen skiing in the speed trials at Cervinia, Italy in 1964, setting a world record of 172.084 kilometers per hour before crashing. He is shown schussing straight down Mount Fuji. And the narrator reads from Miura's diary: "I have traveled the

world to ski, soaring with the winds." At the Sherpa village of Khumjung he meets with Sir Edmund Hillary. "I wish I were younger," Hillary tells him, "and I wish I could ski that well."

After the party reaches Base Camp, the film dwells on the hostile beauty of the ice-fall, a cascade of towering, shifting ice blocks that is the gate to Everest. It has claimed more victims than the mountain itself. The six Sherpas are buried in a cave-in here, and after the bodies have been recovered a despondent Miura notes: "There can be no happy ending now no matter what I do."

On his way to the South Col, which takes the party some 40 days, Miura has dreams—of being *karasu*, which frightens him, and of being a samurai, which gives him strength. He takes practice runs, sailing off cliffs in his graceful style. Below the black summit he gathers stones to form a memorial and he offers to Chomolungma, the "Goddess Mother of the World," as the natives call the mountain, the names of the dead Sherpas and a mirror as the symbol of man.

Finally, the moment comes for his bout with the mountain. Just below the South Col, Miura dons a crash helmet, an oxygen mask, an orange air-cushioned life jacket, old-fashioned leather ski boots, standard recreational skis and poles and a parachute to slow his descent. Breathing deeply, he pushes off. He had intended to ski in a straight line, but as chute he is on his way and releases the chute he and the chute become a toy of the violent crosswinds. He skis an erratic course and is unable to gain control. He attempts to steer in the turns, but the edges of his skis do not bite into the ice. His skis clatter down the steep washboard. After a run of 6,400 feet, he falls. He falls 1,320 feet, his body flipping and bouncing like a rag doll. Astonishingly, Miura was using safety straps, which are required in recreational skiing to prevent runaway skis. As he falls, his ski bindings release, but his skis, still dangling from the safety straps, continue to bounce with him, beating his body as much as the rocks in his path. When the skis finally wear free, they break like matches. And Miura tumbles on toward the Bergschlund. He loses consciousness when he flaps over a large rock. After he comes to his senses and weakly raises a pole—accredibly, he is still holding on to a pole—he lies 220 feet above the crevasse.

Although three cameramen had been positioned on the mountain, only one, Masuji Kanau, was able to follow Miura's descent all the way with a 1,600-mm lens. His footage is understandably rough and badly focused—it had to be greatly enlarged—but it catches the madness and the glory of Miura's feat more vividly than images in perfect focus could ever do. Miura himself asked, "Was it a dream?" **END**

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Small wonder then that in America, as in every literate nation of the world, a Parker 75 pen is a gift to be cherished from one generation to the next. At \$750 to \$400, or more, a Parker 75 pen is both an immediate and lasting value. Yes, Parker makes all types of pens—ball pen, soft tip, fountain pen. When you buy one for yourself or as a gift, buy it in one of the thousands of nice stores that carry and service them around the world.

Ten common mistakes Parker 75 counterfeiters should avoid.



1. GRID PATTERN IS SIMULATED CRUDELY. Imitators make shallow stampings in simple lithograph pattern onto cases. In speed by a common silversmith, the clasp, Parker got on all styling slices Parker 75 pens is carved deeply into the case by a precise sequence of cuts. The result is a metal sculpture that provides dozens of finger-fitting corners for easy, certain grip.



2. FERRIE SPRING ACTION IN COUNTERFEIT CLIP. The real Parker 75 clip is made of brilliant copper tested to 20,000 snap actions. Imitations often bend away from the pen body or snap off at the joint end of the feathers.

3. INFERIOR BALL DESIGN. Imitators usually use ordinary smooth industrial ball bearings. The ball for a Parker 75 ball pen takes three weeks to make and is a small masterpiece of powder metallurgy—a tungsten-carbide cement. For even ink delivery it must be round within ten-thousandths of an inch. The microscopic texture on its surface is formed by controlled crater geometry. Result: an even line and good start-up.

4. IMPERFECT BALL SOCKET. Phonies regularly use brass or bronze socket to seat the ball. The lip impacts against the ball, scrapes off ink, prevents its return to reservoir. Result: blotting. These sockets are also subject to wear and corrosion, changing the flow rate drastically. The actual Parker ball seat is made of extremely tough



chromium-resistant stainless steel. The Parker 75 socket must be especially long-wearing because the ink supply writes three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

5. STIFF NIB WRITES LIKE NAIL. Due to use of mis-matching inner or material. For smooth feel and even ink flow, the nib must "give" some, but not too much. The Parker 75 fountain pen nib is solid 14k gold. This has the exact flow and resilience necessary and resists corrosion very well.



6. NIB TINES CONTACT PAPER DIRECTLY. Tines of many counterfeit fountain pen nibs wear quickly, causing a scratchy and erratic delivery of ink to paper. The Parker 75 nib rides on a tiny pellet welded to the tip of the point. The pellet is a tough special alloy of ruthenium and platinum that wears in, not out. Counterfeiters are fooled here because ruthenium is a rare, precious metal. (Of the eight precious metals in the world, it takes four to make a Parker 75 fountain pen.)

7. THE SOUND OF CLOSING A PHONY PARKER IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY. It is mushy or at best, a light click. When a Parker 75 cap snaps down on a 75 barrel, a positive clutch is engaged. The resulting sound is a solid "thunk" (not unlike the sound of a sports

car door closing) that informs you audibly that the two parts are mated firmly.



8. SOFT TIP PEN POINT GOES LIMPO OR SPLAYS. A soft tip pen is tricky to make right. The ink is very thin and it really flows in capillary action. The point must allow ink to flow but not excessively. The Parker point is very strong, the individual strands of nylon are bonded together by a critical trace of epoxy glue. Technically, the point can be duplicated but few counterfeiters are willing to pay the price.

9. INKS NOT BACTERIA-RESISTANT. In tropical climates, moisture and germs in ink block the ink flow, causing writing failure. Parker makes separate and different inks for 75 ball pens, fountain pens and soft tip pens. Choose all makeup even varies from color to color.



10. THEIR "STERLING SILVER" IS ACTUALLY BRASS. Or less. That's because this is silver plate. All silver Parker 75 pens are made of solid sterling. That means they are sterling silver all the way through. Because of this intrinsic worth, plus the fact they are reliable and built to last, all Parker 75 pens are heirlooms in the making.



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MENTHOL 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, FILTER 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE AAU AT BAY

In its fourth and perhaps most important set of public hearings, the 10-month-old President's Commission on Olympic Sports examined the NCAA and AAU last week in Chicago. The airing of familiar charges and controversies resolved little and may even have sharpened the battle lines. But the testimony also indicated what is at stake for the two organizations when the commission makes its recommendations to the President.

At present the NCAA controls most of the nation's best athletes and facilities, while the AAU holds the franchises (international governing rights) for eight Olympic sports, notably swimming and track and field. The commission feels that a "highest sports authority" could arbitrate disputes that naturally rise from this type of power standoff, but the nature of the authority and the extent of its responsibility has not been determined. The reaction of NCAA and AAU officials to the authority concept and its possible scope says much about their conflicting interests.

With its international recognition and influence on the U.S. Olympic Committee, the AAU is basically opposed to the idea of a "highest" sports authority—unless it becomes that authority itself. If it becomes a subordinate organization, the AAU could lose much of its status. As for the NCAA and other, ostensibly independent, groups like the U.S. Track and Field Federation and the U.S. Wrestling Federation, which are opposed to the AAU, they would favor an independent authority—especially if governing rights were taken from the AAU and reassigned to organizations they deem more competent, like themselves.

AAU President, Joseph Scalzo says the USTFF and the USWF are puppets of the NCAA and that these groups would better serve amateur sport by joining the AAU. NCAA President John Fuzak says such talk only "diverts attention from [the AAU's] inadequacies," and it is true that in recent years Scalzo's organization

has lost control of basketball and gymnastics and faces rebellion in track and field and wrestling. Inefficient management is the most persistent criticism leveled at the AAU. Long jumper Willie White, a member of the commission, said to Scalzo, in a backhand compliment, "If all your programs were as good as your Junior Olympics, you wouldn't have the problems you have now."

The NCAA, which is as reluctant as the AAU to yield any of its power, would accept a highest sports authority as a final arbitrator of disputes, although not as the supreme administrator of amateur sport. At the moment its future seems brighter than the AAU's. At any rate, while the commission has found fault with both the major sports groups, on the vital issue of franchises, it seems more sympathetic to critics of the AAU.

RECOUNT, PLEASE

The Kansas City Scouts were able to win only one of the last 44 games they played in the National Hockey League's regular season. It was a dreadful time for them. The inability to do anything right extended as far as a despairing quote from defenseman Steve Durbano, who moaned, "Jesus Christ and his 10 disciples couldn't help this team."

JOB TURNOVER

Ron Cey played third base for the Los Angeles Dodgers in their Opening Day loss to the San Francisco Giants last week, which is news only because it set a Los Angeles team record: most consecutive years, same man opening the season at third base—three. When the migrant Dodgers, newly arrived from Brooklyn, opened against the Giants in San Francisco in 1958, Dick Gray was their third baseman. In 1959 it was Jim Baxes, in 1960 Jim Gilliam, in 1961 Tommy Davis, in 1962 Daryl Spencer, in 1963 Ken McMullen, in 1964 John Werhas, in 1965 John Kennedy, in 1966 Jim Lefebvre. In 1967 Lefebvre shattered precedent by opening the season at third for a second-

straight year, but in 1968 it was Bob Bayley, in 1969 Bill Sudakis, in 1970 Steve Garvey. Garvey tried third again in 1971 before shifting to first base and eventual stardom. Bill Grabarkewitz had the job in 1972, and Ken McMullen, back after a lapse of 10 years, was at third in 1973. That's 13 third basemen in 16 seasons, of whom only two (Gilliam and Sudakis) went on to play as many as 100 games at the position the same season and only three (Davis, Lefebvre and Garvey) batted as high as .250.

The long search for stability ended when Cey took over during the 1973 season (he played 146 games at third that year). Now 28, the Penguin, as Cey is called because of his playfooted gait, seems set for a long run, or waddle.

DIFFICULT LIE

As the best golfers in the world made their way to Augusta and the Masters last week, a former master was all by himself, so to speak, in Vancouver. Tony Jacklin, the compact Englishman who led the U.S. Open from wire to wire in 1970, was on top of a building in the



Canadian city driving golf balls into Burrard Inlet as part of the ceremonies celebrating the opening of Vancouver's 495-foot Harbour Centre Tower. Jacklin hasn't done particularly well on the tour since winning the Open. Last year, in 15 U.S. tournaments, his earnings were only \$10,000. However, his off-course income from testimonials and other such has been so substantial that Jacklin upped stakes and moved from England to the Isle of Jersey in the English Channel in order to avoid Britain's stringent income tax.

continued

Although homesick for England, the golfer has few regrets. "I'm not the only one," he said last week, pointing out that Britain's income-tax rate is 85% in his bracket, compared to a 25% maximum in Jersey. "There is no way you can live with that kind of tax load. Practically everyone in England who is in a high tax bracket . . . has either gone, is going or wishes he could go."

In Vancouver, Jacklin blasted his 4th and final drive off the tower an impressive 389 yards. Nonetheless, he rued his lonesome lot. "On the whole," he said, paraphrasing W.C. Fields, "I'd rather be in Augusta."

ALL CLEAN

There are pro football fans who get headaches and wish the strange noises would stop when they read that their favorite team has been involved in a trade that brought them star running back Full Thurst Follansbee from the Lower Mississippi Floodtides in exchange for a couple of second-string offensive linemen, the team's No. 1 draft choice in 1977 and three high 1978 draft picks that had been obtained previously in a deal with the Bismarck Herring.

In the interest of bringing a bit of clarity to the often occult practice of trading draft choices, the following passage from the *Chicago Tribune*, which appeared last week just before this year's draft of college players, is reprinted as a public service:

"The Bears needed a press conference to explain how they got an extra fourth-rounder. Briefly, it came from the Jets with Mike Adamle for Carl Garrett. But that's oversimplification. It's from Detroit through Miami in a deal that might confuse even George Allen. The Bears owed Miami a fifth-round for Bo RATHER. But they gave up their fifth last year to Baltimore for Noah JACKSON. So they wanted Miami to postpone it until 1977. The Dolphins agreed, but only if the Bears would trade fourth-round positions with them. So the Bears traded their Jets' fourth-round spot for Miami's fourth-round spot which the Dolphins owned from Detroit. But don't ask how."

HOW GEORGE DOES IT

The George Allen the *Tribune* referred to is, of course, the wheeler-dealer coach of the Washington Redskins. Washington fans, although familiar with Allen's practice of trading the future for the pres-

ent, wonder sometimes where all the draft choices went. This year, for example, the Redskins had no picks at all in the opening four rounds, and by the time they made their first selection (Guard Mike Hughes of Baylor) the other 27 NFL teams had already taken 147 players, an average of more than five apiece. Here is how the Redskins' top draft picks were horse-traded.

1. To Miami for Joe Theismann.
2. To San Diego for Duane Thomas.
3. To San Diego for Bryant Salter.
4. To San Diego for Walt Sweeney.
5. To St. Louis for Fred Sturt, but . . .
5. . . from St. Louis in a deal for Dave Butz.
6. To Kansas City for Jim Tyrer, but . . .
6. . . from Los Angeles in a deal for Tim Stokes.
7. Taken away from the Redskins by the league as forfeit for a signing infraction.
8. To Atlanta for Glenn Hyde, but . . .
8. . . from Los Angeles in the Stokes deal.
- Finally . . .
9. A genuine, original, unsullied Redskins pick.

DRUG CULTURE

This is not a trivia question. What do Dristan cough syrup, Listerine lozenges, Pertussin 8-Hour cough formula, St. Joseph cough syrup, Vicks cough silencers and Vicks Formula 44 cough mixture have in common? No, no, not the obvious—that they are all things you take when you have a cold. Something else, and if you are an Olympic athlete, or hope to be, you'd better know what it is.

Ready? They are all on a list of medications that conceivably could get an athlete disqualified from the Olympics and banned from amateur competition for life. Sound silly? Maybe, but the list, prepared for the U.S. women's track and field committee, says that is the way it is. In cracking down on the use of certain drugs by world-class athletes, international sports authorities have gone in for overkill. They are banning everything in sight, and if an athlete tests positive—even if the so-called forbidden drug is in his system only because small amounts of it were in the ordinary cough medicine he happened to take, as an ordinary citizen might—he can be zapped. Joan Wenzel, of Canada, who finished third in the Pan-American Games' 800

meters in Mexico City last fall, was barred for life when phenylphrine, a banned substance, was discovered in her system. Wenzel says she took a cold capsule before the race. Too bad, said the International Track and Field Federation. Canada is appealing, as well it might, especially since the organizing committee for the Montreal Games has endorsed Coricidin D, another anti-inflamatory, which also contains stuff the IAAF has banned.

"It's ridiculous," Wenzel says. And indeed it seems so. But to be on the safe side, you Olympic athletes, watch out for Listerine, avoid Vicks, run from Pertussin. How about a nice mustard plaster instead?

CATCH AS ALI CAN

Conjecture on what will happen when—perhaps if?—Muhammad Ali meets Japanese wrestler Antonio Inoki in Tokyo on June 25 is bubbling. Serious wrestlers claim that any collegiate light heavyweight could take Ali. Even Pat Patterson, a professional who is one of the many U.S. champions, says, "It would last less than a minute. I'd immediately go to the floor. Ali would try to dance, but he'd have no chance. I'd get him somewhere in the legs and bring him to the mat. After that, God help him."

However, history points out that Jack Dempsey twice had bouts with wrestlers: Dempsey won. Surprised? Archie Moore also engaged in such a match not long before his epic heavyweight title bout with Rocky Marciano. No, Archie didn't lose, either.

If you still feel Ali is in danger and that a bet on the wrestler is worth trying, don't go to Nevada looking for odds. There won't be any. As they say in horse racing, it's out, out and out.

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Frazier, 53-year-old rookie manager of the New York Mets, asked before Opening Day if he was excited: "No, I'm not excited. It's no big deal. How the hell is a man my age going to get excited?"
- Bud Heathcote, Michigan State basketball coach, on the priorities in his new job: "The first thing you do is panic. From there you go to work."
- Doug Swift, veteran NFL linebacker, on the most enjoyable part of football: "Being introduced and running through the goalposts. It's all downhill after that."

END

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\$3,499

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AMC  Pacer

IT WAS RAY ALL THE WAY

Going on a birdie binge that put him on top from the start, Ray Floyd mastered the Masters, proving his number was up

by DAN JENKINS

Everybody except Raymond Floyd played the same old Masters last week amid the glorifying adjectives that once a year flutter in the breezes of Augusta, in the cathedral of pines, at the altar of golf and all that stuff. Floyd surely must have miled in his scores from Phoenix or the Greater Milwaukee or the Westchester Classic, for they bore no resemblance to what anyone else was doing in the tournament. To put it as bizarrely as it was, Floyd came to the final hole on Sunday needing to make a 12—maybe four drives, four approaches and four putts—to tie Ben Crenshaw, the only guy in the last round who caused enough whoops to make the azaleas sway.

When it was over Floyd had done the following things: shot rounds of 65-66-70-70, which added up to 271, a mere 17 under par, good enough for a share of the Masters record with Jack Nicklaus; broke the first 36- and 54-hole records and finished a brutal eight strokes ahead of his nearest pursuer, Crenshaw; flogged Nicklaus and the rest of the field like stepchildren; laid waste to the course; burned down the clubhouse; and in the end even removed his visor for an instant and smiled.

Floyd has always had the kind of golf

game that seemed suited to Augusta National—a long drive, a high trajectory. But in the past he had been the type of golfer who was as much interested in enjoying life on the tour as winning. In his previous 13 seasons he had won only six tournaments, and even though one of them was a major championship, the 1969 PGA, he remained a phantom individual who would play superbly only once or twice a year. Floyd, in fact, was more noted for his cocktail habits, his friendships with show-business personalities, his eligible bachelorhood, his whirl as a guitar player, his intense interest in the Chicago Cubs and a little wagering trip he once made to El Paso to take on an unknown Mexican—a guy name of Trevino—and the return trip Raymond made in a crate.

But that was the old Ray Floyd, not the mature married gentleman, father of two and rededicated athlete who finally reached his full potential last week. One major championship? That's luck, they say. Two? That's talent. And what about how he did it? Well, let's put it this way: when did Nicklaus ever make three eagles in a major championship and finish 11 strokes behind the winner?

A tournament in which a man out-

distances the field with such monumental ease tends to get written off as the ultimate in boredom. Yet in a strange sort of way, this Masters was fascinating. For one thing, it was loaded with peculiarities other than Floyd's wondrous shotmaking.

It was blessed with marvelous weather. It saw Tournament Chairman Clifford Roberts take at least one hand off the steering wheel when he named his successor, Mr. Bill Lane, of whom absolutely nothing was known beforehand—and very little after. Rich guy, food products, Texan, pleasant. It was a Masters that saw Nicklaus hit the kind of shots that normally might have won for him—dropping the occasional monster putt, riding the long ball home over the water, even shattering the premises one day, Friday, when he holed out a sand wedge from 100 yards on the 7th hole for an eagle deuce. It was a Masters that produced a sad Arnold Palmer shooting an 81 and missing the cut. A tournament that provided an indifferent Johnny Miller, who came to town and said, "I'm not major championship-or-

continued

His prowess etched on the leader board, Floyd nears the 72nd green to an ovation.

LEADERS

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
PAR	4	5	4	3	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	3	5	4	5	3	4	4
FLOYD	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17	17	
ZIEGLER	6	6	6	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	7	7	7	7	6	
NICKLAUS	7	7	6	6	6	6	6	7	6	6	6	6	7	7	7	6	6	6
COODY	5	6	6	6	5	5	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	3
KITE	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	3
GRAHAM L.	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	1	0	1
CRENSHAW	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	8	9	9	9	9	9
WEISKOPF	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
CASPER	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
IRWIN	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	3	3



ented," and then proceeded to prove it—at least this time—by finishing in a tie for 23rd. It produced a frustrated Tom Weiskopf, who had finished second four times before and so had thought of nothing else but Augusta all year—and then never got his putter working because the soft, slow greens demoralized and disappointed him from the beginning. "The only way the greens can get fast," Weiskopf said at one point, "is if Mr. Roberts walks out on each one and personally speaks to every blade of grass."

It was a Masters that gave the crowds a schizophrenic Hubie Green who would go from rounds of 71 and 66 to ones of 78 and 77. It would offer up a Gary Player who would be seen constantly rolling up a pants leg to get at a ball in the water, and who would actually fall down in Rae's Creek after slashing at either his golf ball or a Georgia shark. It would produce a Lee Trevino who would play from the start as if he had a plane to catch. And it furnished a splendid backdrop for Ben Crenshaw, whose enormous appeal is increasing with each of his attractive grins and his attacking nature.

But while there was considerably more to this Masters than Raymond Floyd, it was Floyd who kept it from repeating the thrilling finish of last year, when Nicklaus, Weiskopf and Miller battled down



For two days the crowds watched as Nicklaus stalked Floyd, but then he lost the scent.

to the last turn of the last putt. Floyd started taking the suspense out of this Masters on the very first day when he fired his seven-under 65. The day was warm and windless, and the first indication that the course would be a setup was when Andy North shot an early 66. This was the same Andy North who would ultimately go east and west with an 81, 75 and 76, but the layout was exposed. Nicklaus shot the 67 he always shoots, and 18 other players beat the par of 72.

Floyd's low round featured a plastic surgery job on the Augusta National's par-5 holes. He birdied all four of them, but that was only a start. He would wind up touring those holes in a record 14 under par for the four days by scoring 12 birdies and an eagle 3 on Friday, which was the most dramatic shot of the week.

It came at a time when the tournament was still very much of a contest. People had been out there in the pines making moves at him, people like Nicklaus racking up two eagles in the first seven holes, and Crenshaw getting off to a start of four under through the first three holes on a birdie-eagle-birdie binge, and Green going for a 66 and looking like the Green who had just won three tournaments in a row.

Floyd was already five under for the round when he reached the 15th hole Friday, the day that produced the most yells and excitement. He was confronted with the option of going over the water on his second shot or playing safely, one of the

options that stir up the Masters so often. Floyd ripped into a three-wood, and as he followed the flight of the ball for the full 250 yards the pines began to ring with the familiar voice of his caddie.

"Be there!" he shouted. "Get tight!"

"Go in the hole!" Floyd himself commanded.

"Be a two!" yelled the caddie.

It was a 2½. Officially, a three. The shot was the nearest thing to perfection since Gene Sarazen's historic double eagle on this same hole 41 years before, for it came down out of the cloudless sky, struck the green and began slithering toward the cup. It stopped three feet away. Floyd calmly dropped the putt, as he calmly dropped so many all week, and it was a stunning blow to his challengers. It was the single shot that did the most to give him the second-round 66 and the 36-hole record that, in turn, gave him a five-shot lead on Nicklaus and the rest.

It was then that Floyd began to suspect it was his Masters. He spoke of how his life had changed. "I've traded in my guitar and the Chicago Cubs for golf," he said.

He had also traded in the night life for the family life. Floyd's wife Maria had been a tremendous influence on him, he said. The children and Maria had given him a purpose, and any of his friends could tell you that if Raymond forgot what the purpose was, Maria was around to remind him.

Back in 1973, when they had not been



Ziegler zigged and zagged, tied for third.



had this five-wood he had started carrying a few weeks earlier. Whether it was a wise choice or not, he hit the five-wood, flirting with all the dangers of the 13th hole, and got it over the horrors and into a bunker. And from there he hit a beautiful sand shot to within two feet of the cup for another one of his many birdies on the par-5s.

On Saturday night Floyd said, "I don't think there's anyone here who would bet against me now."

He was certainly right.

Hubert Green said, "I just want to get his autograph."

Tom Weiskopf said, "When you're putting like Raymond, it makes you totally fearless."

Jack Nicklaus said, "Didn't he make a double bogey and gain ground?"

He almost had. On Saturday Floyd suffered a six at the 11th hole, but it came

at a time when everybody in the city of Augusta was making a bogey or worse.

And Ben Crenshaw said, "If you throw out Raymond, we're playing a heck of a Masters."

There may have been those among the thousands who assemble every year in Augusta who felt that Sunday's final 18 would be stocked with suspense. There were those who might have thought that Floyd was perfectly capable of shooting a 75, for example, while Nicklaus, who only trailed him by eight shots, after all, would do his usual wonderful 66 and win his sixth Masters by a tingling stroke.

But all of this kind of nonsense was quickly forgotten on the third hole. Nicklaus hit some kind of approach shot that flew the green by half a mile. He took a bogey and he was headed for the same 73 he had posted on Saturday, which eventually led to a tie for third place with

continued

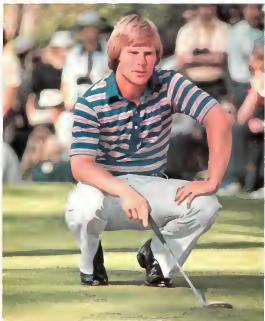
married so long, there was an incident at the Jacksonville Open that Raymond and Maria now laugh about.

"I shot a bad round," Floyd says, "and I withdrew. That's not very professional, but I did it. Then my wife and I sat down and had a long talk. She made me realize you have to work at anything you want to do. It was the turnaround of my career."

After Saturday's round, which might have been among the most forgettable ever, Maria found that she could relax and not follow the play, except on television.

With the scores so low through the first two rounds, the Masters committeemen decided to do what they could to toughen up the layout. And because the greens were not as fast as they sometimes are, the only thing left was to put the flagsticks in Macon and Milledgeville and Atlanta and Savannah. All this did was make the course so difficult that Floyd could manage nothing better than a modest two-under-par 70 and stretch his lead to the eight strokes he eventually would win by.

There was only one moment of torture for him. It came at the difficult par-5 13th (see page 22), where he had a fine opportunity to allow the gang to get a little closer to him. Here he faced a second shot that called for thought and consideration, the ball sitting in a bare lie, about 10 inches above his feet, and the carry requiring about 220 yards, if he chose not to lay up short of the creek. But Floyd



Crenshaw's play was up and down, but Sunday's heroics earned him his Masters degree.

MAKING 13 UNLUCKY AGAIN



A small but significant piece of East Georgia real estate changed hands recently when the Augusta Country Club gave up a chunk of rough alongside its 11th fairway so that its celebrated next-door neighbor, Augusta National, could "preserve the integrity of" (translation: toughen up) the historic 13th hole.

Thirteen, the great par-5 that is the last of the three holes that make up the treacherous Amen Corner, has been the site of more Masters history than any other hole on the course. Byron Nelson made an eagle there that helped him defeat Ralph Guldahl in 1937, and Arnold Palmer did likewise in 1958, outdueling Ken Venturi and launching a new era as well. But the hole also has led to frequent disaster as players trying to get home in two fell short into the watery ditch guarding the green. Sure you could pick up an eagle at 13, but you could also make seven. That's the kind of hole Bobby Jones had in mind when he helped design it.

In recent years, however, longer hitters with improved equipment had been beating the 475-yard hole to death. The pros turned it into a virtual gimme birdie 4, and 3s were becoming so commonplace that Steuben was hard pressed to keep up with the demand for the crystal glassware the Masters awards for eagles. In 1974 the low 24 scorers played the hole in a total of 67 strokes under par. The average score on 13 was 4.30, making it more of a par-4½ than a 5. In 1975 the low 24 played it 46 strokes under, with 17 eagles. Jack Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf were regularly cutting the corner with three woods off the tee, then hitting five-irons to the green with

the reasonable expectation of making an eagle. Obviously something had to be done.

The difficulty was that the tee had already been moved back—a distance of five yards 19 years before—and was back as far as it could go. Occasionally a TV camera trained on the tee would record, through the bushes that formed the boundary between the two clubs, Augusta C.C. members playing their usual weekend rounds, elaborately aloof from the mighty events taking place only a few yards away.

The situation was vexing, but Tournament Chairman emeritus Clifford Roberts has always had a way of working things out, and arrangements were made for a swap. Last May, when Augusta National closed down for the summer months, work began on the new tee at 13. A gouge was cut into the hillside behind, and the tee was moved 10 yards to the rear and approximately 10 feet to the left. Now not only was the bend in the dogleg further away but also the pine boughs and the creek that border it became considerably greater menaces. To avoid the increased danger of a tee shot being grabbed by a pine tree and tossed into the creek bed, as Nicklaus' was on Thursday afternoon, many players were obliged to aim further right than they might have liked, thus increasing the distance of their second shots and worsening the degree of their sidehill lies in the sloping fairway.

Every hole at Augusta is an old friend to the players who come back to the Masters year after year, and there has never been a change in the course—except perhaps a new drinking fountain—that has met with the unqualified approval of the field. Not surprisingly, tampering with a

hole as friendly as 13 was considered a sacrilege by most of the golfers. Only Hubert Green said he rather liked the new tee, that it gave him a different perspective on the hole, but even he may have changed his mind after his double-bogey 7 there on Saturday. Nicklaus and Weiskopf both said they thought the change was insignificant, but Byron Nelson predicted that the new tee would cost the players a quarter to a half a stroke a round. "If they don't hit a good tee shot, there's no way they can get on the green now," said Nelson.

On the first day the 13th showed its new fangs. Frank Hannigan of the USGA, who was officiating there, said, "The new tee is making a big, big difference." Of a field of 72 players, only 26 tried for the green in 2. Eight of the 26 reached the putting surface; four went into the ditch. The day produced one eagle, by Ralph Johnston, 13 birdies and 31 bogeys. That's only four strokes under par.

For most of Friday a gusty wind blew into the tee and drove the total scoring to 19 over—no eagles, 12 birdies, 18 bogeys, three double bogeys, an 8 (by Arnold Palmer, who also went in the ditch and took a 6, see below) and a 9 (by Dean Reimann). Twenty-four of the 72 tried to make the green in 2; only three—Hale Irwin, Allen Miller and Wake Forest's Curtis Strange—succeeded.

As disappointed as the players, though better natured about it, was the gallery that sits around the 13th green all day with binoculars trained on the bead in the fairway, waiting to see whether a wood or an iron comes out of the bag. When Ben Crenshaw's iron flashed at the sunlight 230



yards away, a Georgia voice could be heard mourning, "Ben, Ben, you can't get a green coat layin' up." Heeding that advice, Crenshaw hauled out a wood on Sunday, reached the green safely and sank a putt for an eagle.

A great part of the difficulty on Friday was the new green. The 13th green was rebuilt for this year's tournament, as it had been several times in the past. Too much shade in that corner of the course causes the soil to sour, says the superintendent. A new green is hard because the root structure of the grass has not had time to penetrate far enough to loosen and soften it. "It's like cement," said Irwin. "I can't get my cleats into it," cracked Lee Trevino. Occasionally an approach shot sounded as if it had hit a cart path instead of a green. Balls hit and then bounced off into the four bunkers at the left and rear of the green. And a shot out of those bunkers, downhill 40 to 50 feet to pins that were set at the far right edge two days in a row, was a terrifying prospect.

When the tournament had ended, Johnston's 3 the first day and Crenshaw's the last day were the only eagles, although Johnston was not around to savor his, having missed the cut by nine shots. The low-scoring 24 had played the hole in 15 under par, an average of 4.34 for four rounds. No. 13 was a par-5 again, and the people at Augusta National who care about those things could survey their handiwork and pat each other on their green-jacketed backs, secure in the knowledge that once more their beloved 13th was playing the way Bobby would have liked it.

—SARAH PILEGGI



Larry Ziegler, who plugged along like the tour veteran he is.

One thing that helped dispel the notion that Floyd would collapse was that he was still playing grand golf. When he faltered with a bogey at the 4th, he slammed back with a birdie at the 5th. And that was the end of the faltering. His tee shots continued to be as accurate as they had been in the previous three rounds, his irons were rapier sharp and his putter had everything crowding the cups or disappearing into them. Floyd's pars became routine, and then he had the audacity to roll in another biggie at the treacherous par-3 12th, the hole where Player toppled over backward into the water on Saturday, a hole fancied as the home of double and triple bogeys. And it was ever so appropriate that Floyd should ram a final birdie into the 15th hole and save his par at the 17th, the two putts that completed the assault on Nicklaus' 72-hole record.

Never during the last round did Floyd ever lead by fewer than seven strokes, and at one point he had put 10 shots between himself and the men who were competing in the other Masters.

For the kind of dazzling glamour and thrills the Masters is accustomed to, Sunday's throngs had to turn their attention to Crenshaw. This fresh-faced, likable young Texan with the big swing, the glorious putting touch and the nature of a gambler had gone around with the honesty and sincerity on his face that Arnold Palmer virtually patented.

And like the young Palmer, Crenshaw went around making swarms of birdies and equal swarms of bogeys. When he eliminates the mistakes, golf may have its next new hero who does not have to lose weight and let his hair grow, as Nicklaus did, or who is not withdrawn like Miller, or funny like Trevino, or angry like Weiskopf or as foreign as Player.

Crenshaw provided the only excitement of the last round, firing the day's low score, a five-under 67, which swept him into second place by three strokes. He did most of it on three straight holes on the back nine, from the 13th through the 15th, as if he had learned from Palmer to save himself for television.

"Sure was fun," Ben said later. "I was just freewheeling it. Raymond was so far ahead I could just let it go."

Crenshaw first let it go with a 250-yard three-wood shot into the 13th green. He took the club back as far as he could take

it without having it pull him off the ground, and he brought it around and hit the ball with a mammoth crunch. The ball bored into the wind and plopped onto the edge of the green, no more than 20 feet from the flag. And Ben then did something he does perhaps better than anyone. With his slow backstroke and delicate feel, he rapped the eagle putt home.

On the next hole he did something else he is noted for: he drove wildly into the trees on the right, and he had to work a choked-down two-iron low with a 50-yard fade on it—not the easiest of shots—to come within sparring distance of the 14th green. The ball ran up and onto the green about 12 feet from the cup, and Crenshaw made this one for a birdie.

Well, naturally, there were probably some Crenshaw followers who may have been thinking at this point, "Let's see, another eagle at 15, a hole in one at 16 and two more birdies on 17 and 18..."

Crenshaw smashed what he thought was a perfect three-wood at the pin on the 15th, but it came down just short of what might have got him the eagle. The ball rolled back to the edge of the pond in front of the green, where it was partially submerged. Up went the trouser leg, off went the shoe, into the pond went the foot and splash went the wedge. When he gouged the ball out and assured himself of at least a par on the hole instead of a number that could have been far worse, the roar was as deafening as any during the tournament. So the day belonged to Crenshaw—but the Masters had long since belonged to Raymond Floyd.

Late Sunday evening as Floyd wandered about the clubhouse in his green jacket, flushed with a new dignity, he was wishing he could put part of his past behind him—from an image standpoint, he said.

"I was cocky when I came out on the tour. I guess that's normal for a kid who could hit a long ball. The game was easy for me. I had to play a while to find out how hard it was, and I probably wasted some years having too much fun. It's nice to go back to work at your game and have it pay off like this."

The golf Floyd played through the four rounds left the 1976 Masters with a joke it deserved. It could be said that the venerable Clifford Roberts finally decided to retire from running the Masters, because he knew there would be nothing left of it when Ray Floyd got through. **END**



The Count of Montefusco got a noble welcome at a pre-Opening Day rally in Union Square.

A GIANT STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

After years of poor attendance and a near move to Canada, San Francisco baseball is on the march again with two new owners **by RON FIMRITE**

It was warm, clear, sunny and windless in Candlestick Park, and the large crowd was bursting with enthusiasm as the Giants defeated the Dodgers 4-2 on Opening Day of the 1976 baseball season in San Francisco. Now there, humdrum though it may appear on casual examination, is a piece of information that is extraordinary in every particular. Warm, clear, sunny, windless in Candlestick Park? Large crowd? Bursting with enthusiasm? Giants defeat Dodgers? Opening Day in San Francisco? Why, only a few months ago there seemed to be about as much chance of there being a baseball opener in San Francisco as there was of Ronald Reagan embracing Maoism. That it should open so auspiciously, considering the obstacles flung in its path, is nothing short of miraculous. And if we are to believe that the course of true love never does

run smooth, then the Giants and the fans they have so successfully estranged in recent years should now enjoy a romance that will make the Brownings' seem little more than a peccadillo.

There is some evidence that this may be the real thing. When it was finally and officially announced last month that the Giants would remain in San Francisco after many months of speculation that they would move to foreign soil, 4,000 people crammed into a ballroom at the Jack Tar Hotel to celebrate. Giant players, unaccustomed to seeing so many people in one place, stared in bewilderment at the teeming mass. "This is very un-San Franciscan," said Shortstop Chris Speier. On the eve of last week's opener there was a parade through the downtown streets and a brown bag luncheon rally in Union Square, normally a refuge for pigeons, mystics and the dis-

possessed. All of them were dislodged this day by about 5,000 Giant rooters. "I like it, I like it, I like it," said the ebullient pitcher, John (The Count) Montefusco, as he addressed the multitudes. "You people are in my heart."

The next afternoon The Count provided the Giants' only Opening Day disappointment. He promised the fans a shutout, and San Franciscans have come to take Montefusco's boasts seriously, for last season he predicted he would be the Rookie of the Year and, indeed, he was. His shutout lasted only two batters before Dodger Centerfielder Dusty Baker hit a home run. From then on, Montefusco handled Los Angeles with ease and benefited from a rare outburst of slugging from his teammates. Rightfielder Bobby Murcer tied the game with a homer in the bottom of the first, and was aboard on a single three innings later when Leftfielder Gary Matthews hit one over the fence in front of the left-field seats to put the Giants ahead to stay. Matthews' swat was greeted by a tumultuous roar from the crowd of 37,261, the Giants' biggest Opening Day assemblage in a decade.

The crowd might well have exceeded 50,000 had not a strike of city employees placed pickets at the gates of municipally owned Candlestick. There was no regular bus service to the stadium, and because many of the union vendors would not cross the picket lines, almost no food or drink was served inside. But in a spirit that is truly San Franciscan, the fans brought their own refreshments and helped clean up the mess afterward. Even more impressive than its size and resourcefulness was the crowd's passionate regard for the home team. "There was a buzzing out there," said Matthews. "It was the same kind you feel in places like Cincinnati."

The buzz had been faint in recent years. In 1975 the Giants drew only 522,919 customers and had the lowest attendance in the major leagues. The year before they attracted 519,987 to windy Candlestick. The team reportedly lost \$3.5 million in those two seasons and nearly \$6.5 million in the last eight years. The stars of the 60s—Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Juan Marichal—had all been peddled away, and the front office, headed by patriarchal Horace Stoneham, had grown old, tired and indifferent.

The Giants obviously were ready to be

solid. At first it seemed the team might go to Japanese interests who would keep it in San Francisco. Then, on Jan. 9, it was announced that an agreement had been reached with Labatt's Breweries of Toronto, which would buy the Giants and move them to Canada. Enter the first of a succession of real and would-be saviors, the newly elected mayor of San Francisco, George Moscone, a former high school basketball star and an avid sports fan. Promising a "battle royal" to keep the team in town, Moscone obtained a Superior Court restraining order that temporarily delayed the sale. He also threatened the National League with a \$10 million lawsuit if it approved the move to Toronto.

Moscone knew he would not have to look far for one potential local purchaser. Bob Lurie, a millionaire real-estate man and a member of the Giants' board of directors for 15 years, previously had tried to organize a group to buy the team. He was personally prepared to put up half the \$8 million asking price. Moscone brought Lurie together with Bob Short, the flamboyant Minneapolis hotelman and former owner of the Washington Senators-Texas Rangers, who was anxious to get back into baseball. The two Bobs agreed to split the ownership equally, and on Feb. 23, Lurie and Moscone flew to the National League meeting in Chicago to close the deal. There a tentative agreement was reached, contingent upon the new owners fulfilling some conditions. The most significant of these was that Lurie should either be the team's majority owner or its official spokesman. Short, who had caused baseball embarrassment by moving the Senators from the nation's capital to Arlington, Texas, was regarded warily by the National League owners. He was not in Chicago to defend himself, having slipped on a patch of ice outside a Minneapolis church and broken his elbow and pelvis. It was Lurie's lot to bring his wounded partner news of the league's decision. Short was outraged, and on March 2, only hours before the final deadline set for sale of the team, he withdrew from the partnership.

Enter the final savior, Arthur (Bud) Herseth, head of the largest independent meat-packing company in Arizona. Several weeks earlier, Herseth had contacted Moscone's press secretary to advise him that if either of the Bobs should drop out,



Before unusually packed stands, Murcer greets Matthews after another Giant rarity—a homer.

he would like to join in the Giants' deal. At 2:45 p.m., two hours and 15 minutes before the deadline, Lurie and Herseth talked for the first time. By five Lurie was in the office of National League President Chub Feeney with a new offer in which both owners would share equally. It was approved immediately.

Lurie and Herseth are an unlikely duo. Lurie, 47, is urbane and soft-spoken. His father was the late Louis Lurie, a multimillionaire patron of the arts, boulevardier and friend of the great (he celebrated his birthdays with Maurice Chevalier). Bob necessarily moved unobtrusively in the old man's shadow. Ironically, he now is probably more famous than his father ever was. He is the hero owner, cheered for so much as adjusting his necktie in public.

Herseth is a man of the range who is unfettered by social custom. "I've been standing in cow dung so long that I guess it's rubbed off on my language," he says. He speaks rapidly, loudly and most of the time, and he likes his associates to have the common touch. "I told my lawyer that if this Mr. Lurie was some kind of big shot the deal was off," he says. "But he's just a nice common little fella. His suits even hang on him." Herseth shares Lurie's unbridled exuberance for their new property, a feeling they have successfully conveyed to the community.

Recently Lurie has achieved a measure of ubiquity, appearing on radio and television and at countless public gatherings. He seems unfazed by trouble. While giving the press a sample of the improved food to be sold at Candlestick—some hot dogs, for example, will be served on sesame seed rolls—Lurie invited the pickets pacing outside the gate to share the repast. When it was rumored that the Dodgers might honor the picket line and decline to play the opener, he shrugged and said, "I was wondering what the next challenge would be."

New Manager Bill Rigney also directed the Giants after they moved to San Francisco from New York in 1958. He has been welcomed back by the fans as an old friend, and he, too, has given the team fresh color. When the rain that had pelted down earlier in the week providentially ceased for the opener, Rigney stood in the sun behind the batting cage, nodded his thanks to the Creator, then pointed at the center-field stands, which were slowly being populated.

"When was the last time you saw anybody sitting out there?" he asked. "Never is the answer. I tell you, it's a new show here." Then he gestured toward his players on the field and said, "But the act better be good, too, or we'll lose the audience."

So far, so good.

END

AT LONG LAST IT'S CRUNCHTIME

This week's NBA playoffs have an unfamiliar ring—Cleveland and Philadelphia and Phoenix—but when the championship rings are handed out in the distant future, look out for the old reliables **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

As pro basketball winds up winter training in preparation for the grueling season ahead, let us now praise famous men: Walt Frazier reclining in his llama-skin Manhattan apartment; Dick Motta dangling fish bait as the lakes thaw near his Idaho home; Pete Maravich hanging up his pistols in the courtyards off Bourbon Street; and, finally, the supreme Kareem Abdul-Jabbar doing penance on the slopes of Nepal for being so good he was forced to play with the most inept supporting cast since the Nixon gang.

Besides celebrity, what these gentlemen have in common is time on their hands. They are fittingly—in some cases, shockingly—idle because their teams did not qualify for that terrific April . . . and May . . . and maybe June, too . . . madness known as the NBA playoffs.

As the 1975-76 pro basketball season began, we had just recovered from the World Series. Before it ends, we will have seen the Russian hockey team, the Super Bowl, the Masters, the Kentucky Derby, the Winter Olympics, Opening Day, Love Doubles, Indiana, Jean-Pierre Cooperan and about 26 presidential primaries. At different times during the pros' interminable run, Patty Hearst was tried and Cher was true, Howard Hughes was alive and Hubert Humphrey dead, *Cuckoo's Nest* was just another film and Margaret just another princess. What more could be asked of a sports season than that while it went on a whole society seemed to change before our very eyes?

Well, we could ask what price New York, Los Angeles and Chicago—the nation's media-market titans—being eliminated from the television showcase that is the playoffs? And CBS-TV executives might answer with razors at their throats. The NBA Sunday ratings are down a disastrous 28¹/₂ from last year, hardly a



Although recovering from a bum heel, Dave Cowens is a match for any Eastern center.

peak season. But be that as it may, the folks who do watch the 1976 rendition of the playoffs will be in for a rare treat. New faces are everywhere, at least in the early going. The Philadelphia 76ers haven't been involved in this type of competition for five years, the Phoenix Suns for six years, Cleveland never.

Cleveland? The Cleveland of Bob Feller and Early Wynn? Otto Graham throwing to Mac Speedie and Danie Lavelle? Jimmy Brown running over people? Are they back again?

Not really. These are the Cleveland Cavaliers of bantering Bill Fitch, a team that came out of nowhere, firing from the perimeters, to wrest the Central Division away from the Washington Bullets. Not really nowhere, either. The Cavs came awfully close to the playoffs last spring when they lost out on the final day of the season. As Fitch said then, "Close only counts in horseshoes, hand grenades and drive-in movies."

The Cavaliers have old Nate Thurmond, young Jim Chones, a cast of thousands scoring in double figures and two of the league's best shooters coming off the bench in Campy Russell and Austin Carr. Besides winning 49 games during the regular season, the team accomplished the fairly amazing feat of drawing nearly 5,000 people more per game than last year. That these average crowds of almost 13,000 Ohioans managed to find the Coliseum in the cornfields of Richfield is satisfying enough. But the Cavs are worth the drive.

"The Cavs right now look as good as anybody," says Laker Coach Bill Sharman. "There is no reason they can't win it all."

In reality, Cleveland is one of four teams with a legitimate shot at the championship. The reasons the Cavs can't win it all are basically Washington, Boston and Golden State—mainly the latter two.

Though Cleveland's inside power is suspect and the team has no real star to go to in the crunch—a useful asset in the playoffs—Fitch gets full mileage out of seven men who average between 10 and 16 points. And this does not include the veteran center, Thurmond, or the whip-



Golden State's explosive Phil Smith, says a teammate, is "in the same class as Jerry West."

pet guard, Fouts Walker, both of whom will be key figures in the first series against Washington.

Cavalier detractors point out that it takes poise, concentration and experience to survive the whirlpool of the playoffs, but Fitch says his team is mature "in the way of unselfishness. It's a young team with the attitudes of an old one." Above all, the Cavs may possess more talent than anybody. And look what inexperience and talent did for Golden State in last year's whirlpool. "Sure I think they can win," says the Bullets' Wes Unseld. "Cleveland is like the old Knicks. They shoot from outside, run their plays well and don't let you fast-break."

The series between Cleveland and Washington should be the best of the

opening-round matchups. The Cavs beat the Bullets 4-2 during the season and should win again if Thurmond supports Chones enough to wear down Unseld, who has had big rebounding nights against Cleveland, and if the fleet Walker aids Jim Clemons enough in tiring out Dave Bing.

With Elvin Hayes, Leonard (Truck) Robinson and Phil Chenier, the Bullets would seem to have an edge at the other positions. Yet the Cavs' Jim Brewer can rebound Hayes, Bingo Smith has been effective hitting baseline jumpers on Robinson and Dick Snyder seems to neutralize Chenier with his own offense.

Since Washington's vastly improved Truck conveyed himself from a substitute's role to that of a star, the Bullet bench has become inoffensive. The back-

continued

up guards are old and slow, Nick Weatherpoon has been in and out of Coach K. C. Jones' doghouse and not much has been heard from Mike Riordan since he headlocked Rick Barry last May.

For their part, the Cavs can throw the explosive Carr and Russell as well as Thurmond and Walker as the Bullets and stand fresher at the end. Having both depth and the home-court advantage, that is what the Cavs probably will do as they advance to the Eastern final.

With the best record in the East, the Celtics must wait for Philadelphia and Buffalo to have at one another in what should be an exhausting mini-series. This one is best-of-three, you shoot-me shoot, oley-oley-in-free stuff. The 76ers have the home-court advantage and the more intimidating crowd. Pointing up the trend toward home-court dominance, the 76ers were 34-7 in Philly and 12-29 away from the friendly confines of the Spectrum. As Coach Gene Shue admits, "We really have not become a team."

What the 76ers have become is a versatile time bomb on offense, featuring George McGinnis inside and Doug Collins and Fred (Mad Dog) Carter outside. The team does not guard anybody and it is stuck with a center named Harvey

(Catchings) who, like the rabbit, is well-nigh invisible. But Philadelphia should beat Buffalo anyway, simply by letting Bob McAdoo get his 80-90 points a game and working hard to contain the outstanding guard, Randy Smith, and the rest of the Braves.

The 76er bench is superior to that of the Braves because of Guard Lloyd (Born) Free and Clyde (Died) Lee. Besides doing a good job in relief, Free hurls more banana balls than even the Mad Dog, and Lee falls down a lot, making the 76ers a bunch of laughs to watch.

McGinnis had a splendid record in ABA playoff competition and there is no reason to believe he has forgotten how. He and McAdoo became fast friends late in the season, but if Philly gets in against Boston, amity will not be involved.

Back on March 20, McGinnis collided with the Celtics' Paul Silas and suffered torn knee cartilage. (He is well now.) Surely the incident had nothing to do with Silas' earlier criticism that McGinnis was a "hot-dog player" who turns on for the crowd. Still, there is no love lost here. This would be Boston-Philadelphia, remember. Shadows of Russell-Chamberlain; Sixer announcer Dave Zinkoff versus Celtic championship banners. Crowd hostility. Blood. Fun.

Boston would be heavily favored. Though it is not an overpowering Celtic team, playoff opponents must remember that Boston is sitting there like a wounded old lion who never forgets. "We know how it felt getting beat by the Bulls last year," says John Havlicek. "I like us knowing that. I like our chances."

Meanwhile, the great backcourt experiment of Charlie Scott and Jo Jo White is having mixed results when Scott insists on firing his 40-foot prayers up there and then cussing out the referees; Scott's mouth may be quicker than his hands.

Celtic depth is a question mark. Coach Tom Heinsohn sat Forward Don Nelson down earlier this season before realizing he was the only scorer left on the bench. While Kevin Stacom and Glenn McDonauld both lean toward defense, Jim Ard just leans.

Against the 76ers, Boston likes to start Havlicek on McGinnis, then come in with Silas for muscle. McGinnis doesn't bother the Celtics as much as Doug Collins does. Nevertheless, the series should

turn on Dave Cowens' ability to dominate Philly. In competition between the teams, the marvelous Cowens averaged 24 points and 18 rebounds. Catchings just can't catch him.

When the Eastern survivor—probably Boston over either Cleveland or Washington—stumbles into the finals, the Golden State Warriors are almost certain to be waiting. That is, if the defending champions can stay awake long enough to dispatch their rivals in the West.

At one point early in the season Golden State was actually *behind* Los Angeles in the standings. Then Abdul-Jabbar appeared to lose interest ("I don't know what's going on around here. I just show up and shoot hook shots," he told Ted Green of the *Los Angeles Times*). Eventually there came a night when the Warriors outscored the Lakers 108-61 in less than three quarters and—presto—total boredom for Al Attles and his crew.

The truth is the Warriors have maybe the best forward in the game in Rick Barry, the absolute best guard in Phil Smith and the best team concept, team concepts being 12-headed these days.

Golden State has amused itself during its runaway season by falling behind in games, chopping away at leads and ultimately overcoming. Which is exactly the way the team won championship rings last spring by beating Washington four straight.

"Their patience is amazing," says Attles. "It's one thing to tell them to get one basket at a time. But they believe it and they do it. I guarantee I don't teach them to fall behind."

The newly coiffured Barry's scoring is way down, but he might be the best-passing big man who ever lived and he has shown why this season. Smith, who has speed, touch and the versatility to be a superb play leader as well as defender, is "in the same class as Jerry West," according to teammate Jeff Mullins.

Golden State's first victim will be a fugitive from the NBA Midwest, or dodo division—either Milwaukee or Detroit. These two nonachievers first must battle each other for the right to, as Fonzie might say, "sit on it."

Milwaukee is 0-5 against Golden State, having blown one 31-point lead. Detroit likewise is 0-5 versus the champions, having become nothing so much as an answer in a trivia quiz. Namely, what team fired a black head coach, hired the Jewish brother of an ABA white head coach



Cleveland has a deep bench, featuring Campy Russell, a shooter like his namesake Cousin.

continued



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and became the only Western team to make the playoffs three years in a row? Zzzzzzzzz. The Pistons and Bucks finished a combined eight games below .500 and have about as much fight in this tournament as Walter Matthau's Bad News Bears.

On the other hand, Phoenix and Seattle earned their spurs in a tense final month in which they both outlasted Los Angeles. The teams' offenses are built around pivotmen Alvan Adams, the Suns' Rookie of the Year, and Tom Burleson of the Sonics. But for scoring Phoenix and Seattle depend mainly on Paul Westphal and Fred Brown, respectively, shooting from outside.

This series features Sun strength at forward against Sonic speed at guard. But a Seattle plus (steals) happens to fit very neatly with a Phoenix minus (turnovers).

"Slick Watts unsettles our defense," says Phoenix Coach John MacLeod, "and all the Sonics have learned to move at his pace." Basketball's answer to Kojak, the bald Watts concluded a season in which he became the first man to lead the league in steals and assists: he could be the difference against Phoenix.

With powerful Leonard Gray healthy, Seattle might have a chance against Golden State. But Gray was lost in late March (another knee), leaving Burleson and Mike Bantom to battle the two Warrior centers, Clifford Ray and George Johnson.

Golden State beat Seattle in the playoffs last year as Jamaal Wilkes throttled Spencer Haywood. Without Haywood, the Sonics are better. "We're the team who can beat Golden State," says Slick. "We can really cook 'em." But with Barry, Smith, Wilkes and all the rest, the Warriors are better still, though Seattle Assistant Coach Bob Hopkins can still dream. "We can create more problems for the Warriors," he says. "It's just the way we match up. We'd be kind of like Michigan in the NCAA finals against Indiana. It was no disgrace for Michigan to lose to Indiana."

Right. By 18 points. It should not be a disgrace for Seattle to lose to Golden State. Or for Boston. Or for Cleveland. Or for Washington again. Unwittingly, Hopkins may have given the champion Warriors something finally to aim for in the season that is about to begin.

Golden State was truly devastated during the regular season. But, after all, Indiana went undefeated.

END

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by **RAY KENNEDY**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY GRIFF



If some poor bloke ever did carry coals to Newcastle, like most visitors he undoubtedly would feel compelled to haul himself right back out of that grim industrial outpost on England's northeastern frontier. One quick way is to ask directions to the smaller city of Gateshead across the River Tyne. The traditional reply, rendered in the native burr that is as thick as the muck that rolls in off the North Sea, is, "Gan ower the Tyne bridge until ye come to the end. Then ye'll look roond and ye'll say to yersel", "This canna be Gateshead." But ye'll be wrang. It is!"

Or at least it was. Long defamed as "the dirty lane leading to Newcastle," which is itself as grimy a pot as ever called a kettle black, Gateshead is experiencing a rather remarkable swelling of pride that goes beyond its slum-clearance program. Indeed, late of an evening at the Old Fold Pub near Gateshead Stadium, some of the factory hands lingering over their pints of broon (dark ale) are moved to declare that the surge in civic morale is nothing short of a "flamin' miracle."

Bill Collins, a toolmaker who leads the Gateshead City Council, which governs a population of 100,000, explains, "I believe it was Dr. Johnson who first referred to the town as a dirty lane and then others took it up. As a boy I remember reading J.B. Priestley's *English Journey* and his description of Gateshead as 'nothing better than a huge dingy dormitory.' And the trouble is, he was right. We've gone a long way toward cleaning up the muck and filth since then. But, aye, it's true, the people of Gateshead have never had much to cheer about. Until now, that is, until Brendan Foster."

Foster, a Gateshead resident for all of his 28 years, is a middle-distance runner who holds the promise of bringing home an Olympic gold medal to a town that for centuries buried its brightest aspirations in the coal pits. Once a curiosity

continued

and even an object of derision as he ran along the gray-stained streets and country byways of Gateshead, the sight of Foster in his warmup suit now elicits cries of "Howay, Big Bren! Ye're doin' us proud, lad!"

Every day, often in a drizzly haze that seems as much a part of the landscape as the tiers of huffing chimneys, Foster runs 15 miles or more to and from his job as the city's manager of sports and recreation. Hardly an inviting tour, he primes for it each morning with a bracing pot of hot tea shared with his wife Susan at their home, one of a cluster of identical two-family brick houses built on the side of a hill overlooking a vast industrial sprawl called Team Valley Trading Estate.

Jogging out his front door and down an embankment, Foster plunges headlong into "The Gut," the popular name for the once-swampy valley that has 100 factories spread across a landfill of two million tons of colliery waste. Though Gateshead's coal resources are largely exhausted, the miles of abandoned drift mines that wind beneath the city like an ant farm still occasionally give way, claiming a chunk of roadway here or a house or two there.

But Foster pays no heed to the roadside signs warning AREA LIABLE TO SUBSIDENCE. Once on the valley he runs across a bridge spanning a busy stretch of railroad tracks and then pads alongside a four-lane highway roaring with early morning traffic.

Midway on the Coach Road, Foster swings through a massive stone gateway that is posted TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. Trotting up a horse trail, he skirts the ruins of Ravensworth Castle. It was here a few years ago that the Ravensworth gamekeeper, shotgun at the ready, threatened to shoot Foster as a suspected poacher. Now he just waves.

When Foster emerges into the clamor of the Lobley Hill thoroughfare, shopkeepers nod their greetings and motorists toot their hooters. As he dips back down into the valley, he hastens by the Norwood Coking Works with its pyramids of coal and huge black stacks spewing noxious orange smoke. Then, dodging double-deck buses at the intersections, he grinds up a steep grade, winding past a ramshackle row of racing-pigeon crees, past the Motorway Tyre Centre, the Gateshead Crematorium and the Bensham Bingo Club.

Just before the Boilermakers Social

Club Ltd., Foster veers right and goes by a deserted "pit village," one of the infamous piles of brick flats that once passed as miners' housing. Then, finally, after pushing himself by the new Gateshead indoor bowling green, he skitters up the front steps of the 19th-century Shipcote Baths, where his office is just a few more weary strides beyond the swimming pool.

What makes Brendan run? "It's not a question of the loneliness but the enigma of the long-distance runner," he said cryptically during an afternoon break for tea. Offering to spice the brew with a "bit of brown sugar" from a bottle of Bell's Scotch Whiskey, he continued, "I'm normal in every respect except that I run to work. And without question, that makes you a funny breed. But life's a contest, isn't it? Here in the northeast you don't succeed because of your circumstances but in spite of them."

Foster turned to check the clock on his office wall. "Yes," he said, "the training is hard work. I don't particularly enjoy running up those bloody hills in the rain and cold. But you try to forget that. At least until you're out there racing and trying to stretch it, trying to win. That's when you remember how hard you worked. That's when you remember those bloody hills." Precisely at four o'clock, he stood up and said, "Excuse me, I have to run now."

So run he does, assured that when it comes to adversity, absence makes the heart grow stronger. Take the coking works, for example. Foster once confessed at an awards banquet that he carries with him a special affection for that smoking monument to lung congestion. Why? "Because wherever I go," he said, "it's much easier to run."

In 1973 Foster only had to go 250 miles south to London's Crystal Palace to prove his point. That was the time he staged one of his patented midrace surges to pull away from a dozen rivals in a two-mile invitational and then, all alone, turned it on in the final laps to set a world record of 8:13.8, one-fifth of a second better than the mark held by Finland's Lasse Viren.

As for 1974 and the hometown affair that the local press acclaimed the "greatest day in Gateshead sporting history," well, that was special. For one thing, it was Saturday and the coking works was shut down. For another, it was August and—behold!—the sun was shining. And

continued

On the hills above Gateshead, Foster's fans literally become his followers during training



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most wondrous of all was that Gateshead Stadium, a modest old structure resting in a reclaimed chemical dump down by the river, had a brand-new \$300,000 all-weather Trianon track.

The redecorating was the town's way of saying Howay (C'mon) to Foster. Given the cruel winters, the stadium's ancient cinder track usually looked as if the dump was making a comeback. Which meant that for all his serious pro-race tune-ups, Foster had to travel to Edinburgh, 90 miles to the north, or to London, the only two cities in Britain that had the new artificial ovals. "We know we were breeding a champion," says Council Leader Collins, "so we decided to spend our money on something good. And no doubt about it, the wonder track is the best investment we ever made."

He and just about everyone else in town were convinced on that August Saturday when, just 10 days after the new track was installed, a class field of runners was imported to challenge Foster over 3,000 meters. The 1974 Gateshead Games drew a sellout crowd of 13,500, the largest that turned out for a meet in Britain that year. And every last Tyne-sider, it seemed, began clapping right at the opening gun of the featured race and kept increasing the tempo as Foster took the lead midway and held on.

After burning off challenges by Britain's David Black and the U.S.'s Dick Buckle, Foster's face tightened into the knife-in-the-back grimace he always assumes when pulling for home. "With two laps to go, I felt very tired," he recalls. "I was dead. Finished. Then, suddenly, I heard the crowd. All that noise. And I felt a new man. I knew I could beat the record." That he did, being timed in 7.35.2 to lower Emiel Puttemans' world mark by 2.4 seconds.

Like notches in a gunslinger's six-shooter, Foster's two world records have inspired a lot of young hotshots to test the quickness of the master. It happens every Tuesday evening when Foster works out at the stadium with his fellow Gateshead Harriers, as rambunctious and footloose a lot as ever come down the straightaway.

In a wonderful sort of way, in fact, all of Gateshead seems to be running amok nowadays. Runners of every description—firemen, housewives, bank clerks, schoolgirls, insurance agents, everyone from the boss right down to the junior typist—join in the lunchtime jogalongs

at the stadium or run through the streets or around factory parking lots. Foster, who often leads the organized sessions, preaches, "Jogging is the simplest, most basic form of activity. It exercises the heart, and that's what running is all about."

Though Foster provides the inspiration, the longtime Pied Piper of Pedestrianism, as they used to call running in those parts, is Harrier Coach Stan Long. A welder until he joined Foster's recreation staff 18 months ago, Long has been coaching his boss for a dozen years. He accepts Harrier candidates at age 11 and then runs them until their dependency drops off.

Long says, "I reckon I can teach a runner what I know by the time he's 18, and then he's on his own. He can come to me for advice but he must think for himself. I want the lads to be self-sufficient. I'm no Svengali."

Unusually chipper for a man who has weathered 46 winters in Gateshead, Long seems most truly in his element when he is putting his charges through their training hoops. "C'mon, young Murray!" he cried one evening as he sent off successively faster waves of runners, timing it so that each group had the incentive of trying to catch and surpass the one before. Standing in the infield, Long said, "Doing your laps is more fun—go on, Gerald!—if you make a game out of it. Go on great, Bradley! Use your arms. Go on, lad. Move up, Alice. Only one lap to go. Go on, Winston! Smash it!"

Nearby, Terry Nagel, a TV engineer, and his wife Stephanie, were cheering on their son Stephen, who was running alone on the shadowy perimeter of the track.

"Who knows," said the father, "Stephen might turn out to be another Brendan Foster. He gave up watching his favorite show, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, to come out and train tonight. We couldn't keep him away. With the help of that man over there, Stan Long, we figure Stephen might be ready for the Olympics in about 10 years." As it is, Stephen will have to wait four years until Long takes him under wing. He is seven.

Not surprisingly, the Gateshead Harriers are the national cross-country and road-relay champions. And earlier this year at the European Club Championships in Arlon, Belgium, their 13-member contingent won the trophy as the best team on either side of the Channel.

The Harriers will go to any lengths to win races, down to but not including the dashes. Sprinters are as rare in Gateshead as coal miners in Miami Beach. Scotland's David Jenkins, the British and American 400-meter champion, joined Foster's recreation department last year, but he is still trying to explain that starting blocks are not toys for tots. And the only local field events anyone can recall are the matches by the Gateshead soccer team, which was dropped from the league in 1961 because of a lack of support.

"We just haven't the men to coach field events," says Gateshead Stadium Manager John Caine, himself a distance runner of national repute. Only half kidding, Foster says, "If we have a pole vaulter, we turn him into a miler." Conditions more or less dictate it. As Long puts it, "You can't throw the hammer on the rain."

And you can't deny custom. "The interest in foot racing stems from the traditional working-class Sunday up here," Foster says. "You raced your whippets in the morning, played darts at lunchtime and then, after a skunk of beer, watched the local harriers run in the afternoon. People in the northeast know about foot racing. They'll tell you how 45,000 people went to St. James Park to see Arthur Wint run 20 years ago."

Stan Long will tell you how John White, the Gateshead Clipper, set three world records in the 1860s and won \$300 for defeating a Tonawanda Indian in a 10-mile stakes race in New York City. He will tell you, too, about other old-time whuzzes like James Rowan, the British six-mile champion and Gateshead's own Black Assassin, who died prematurely because he puzzled more postrace beers than his wee 104-pound body could tolerate. And with a pint of shandy (half beer, half lemonade) firmly in hand and with only the slightest prompting from Foster, Long will even sing you the Tyne-side Anthem, a ditty about going to the races a century ago.

"Their wet loes o' lads and lasses there," Long crooned in his most lilting burr one otherwise drab afternoon, "all wi' smiling faces. . . ." He was luncheon with Foster at the Wheelhouse Restaurant, a converted ferryboat moored on the Tyne, and after the floor show the talk turned to running and regional determinism.

"It's all in the mind of the bloke," Foster said, pushing aside his cheese and

continued

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onion sandwich to trace the northern boundary of England on the table. Nothing that over the centuries the warning Scots had made far greater inroads in the northwest, he said. "There's the back-to-the-wall thing. That's when we northeasters are most lethal."

Long added, "I think people in the northeast are naturally determined. It's part of our heritage here. It has nothing to do with being working-class, just the sort of struggles we've had in the past."

Determined is surely the word for Foster. Son of an office worker for British Steel, he is the eldest of six children, a self-described "slow developer" who made his quickest moves at the family dinner table. Though chubby as a boy, he joined the track team at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic School as a 400-meter man and puffed his way to a second-place finish in the 1963 Durham County championships. "Brendan was good," recalls George Felton, his coach at St. Joseph's, "but there were other lads equally as good. The difference was, Brendan had character."

Foster joined the Harriers in 1965 and, he says, "Taking up cross-country really gave me an idea of what I could do." At first, it was strictly a private vision. Lindsay Dunn remembers competing against his close friend a decade ago. "There were races back then when Brendan would finish miles behind everybody," he says. "Afterward he'd always say it was just a matter of time until he started winning. I wasn't convinced, but he was."

In 1969, while attending Sussex University, Foster had an even tougher time convincing officials that he was worthy of entering the British universities cross-country championship. No matter that he had corrected an iron deficiency that had shown up in a blood test a few months earlier, they plainly did not think he was good enough.

"Eventually," Foster now recalls, "I looked up the program and saw that the highest competitor's number was 380. So I made my own 381 on a piece of card, and said, 'I'm going to run.' I did and I finished ninth. And although the officials weren't very pleased, they did select me for the universities team for a match against the combined services and an all-England team. I thought I'd be last, but midway out I found myself with the leaders and just took off. They never caught me, and it was only after the race, when

I realized who I'd beaten, that I thought I really could be a good runner."

Good enough to finish fifth in the 1,500 at the 1972 Munich Olympics, and even better when he moved up to the 5,000 and won the 1974 European Championships in Rome. After watching Big Bren on the telly and the way he left Olympic champion Viren for dead with a sparkling 13:17.2, more than 500 Tynesiders turned out to witness his next training session at Gateshead Stadium in person.

At the time, Foster had just given up his job as a chemistry teacher to head the recreation department, and the recognition seemed a just reward for the four years he spent running the two miles from St. Joseph's School to await the 12:30 klaxon at the boiler factory where Long worked. And for his mentor, who would appear in his overalls, carrying his lunch pail and stopwatch to oversee the midday workouts, the acclaim is, well, a flamin' miracle.

Just like that, Stan Long of Gateshead, the man whose living room has been a youth center for nearly a quarter of a century, was whisked from his welder's bench to a podium in Budapest where his lecture at the European coaches' conference received a long ovation and a special request from the president of the European Athletic Association. "Imagine," says Long, still lost in the wonder of it all, "Adrian Paulen wanting to shake Stan Long's hand."

But what really sent him "over the moon"—and Foster's Olympic prospects soaring—was Long's appointment in February as manager of Britain's distance runners for the Montreal Games. Long says, "I haven't been to an Olympics since London in 1948 because I just couldn't afford to go. I couldn't even afford to be in Rome when Brendan won his European championship. Now, well, I'm just thrilled to bits."

Foster figures to stay in one piece. A low-key chap with a pulse rate idling at a cool 45 beats per, he contends, "The Olympics is just another race. Treat it any differently and you can be greatly disappointed because anything can happen—a pulled muscle, the flu, anything." He recalls the time when Long, the former walking champion of Durham County, fell prey to an untimely gastrointestinal attack. "They reckon Stan was a good walker but he missed out in the nationals because of too many cucumber sandwiches on the train."

Nor is Foster short on confidence. In Britain's dual meet with Russia last year, after he triumphed in the 1,500 with an electrifying finishing kick, he was asked at what point he thought he would win. "When they picked me to run," he said. And although Foster insists that "The five's me event," he may also compete in the 10,000 in Montreal. Attempting the distance for the first time last summer, Foster not only outdistanced the U.S.'s Frank Shorter, the 1972 Olympic marathon champion, but he also won in the fastest time of the year, 27:45.4.

"Whatever happens in Montreal," Foster says, "I'll come back to Gateshead and find I've still got food to eat, a job to do and my friends. Win or lose, it would be wrong if it was any different." He feels it would also be wrong for him to accept the \$60,000 he was offered to join the pro track circuit. "Running is hard enough," he says, "without having to do it for a living."

Foster could do without the hometown pressure as well. In fact, in enlisting a top international field for last year's Gateshead Games, he inadvertently helped his cause by including New Zealand's Rod Dixon, who beat him in the 5,000. "It took a lot of the heat off," Foster claims. "Now people here know I can lose, which is a rather nice spin-off from an unpleasant afternoon."

All of which he hopes will help ward off other unpleasant happenings such as the time when, out for his morning tour in the pouring rain, he became ill and started retching. Almost immediately, a passing car skidded to a stop, a man jumped out and rushed over and asked Foster for his autograph.

Foster attributes the untamed enthusiasm to deprivation. "People have never had much here," he says. "Nobody brings great culture here, no theater, not even good soccer. Everything that's good seems to happen somewhere else. So horizons have been limited. People's ambitions have been confined."

Foster has succeeded royally in raising the consciousness level in more ways than one. In February, while he was being invested as a Member of the British Empire at Buckingham Palace, Queen Elizabeth said to him, "I hope this doesn't interfere with your training." "No, ma'am," said Brendan Foster, M.B.E., "I already ran seven miles in Hyde Park this morning."

The Queen smiled.

END

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A plunge into a cauldron of slowly stirred sea monsters—oozing eels, sharp-beaked turtles, nosy sharks—all eager for their next meal or morsel **by RICK TELANDER**

BITING THE HAND THAT FEEDS THEM

I come walking out of a back room at Boston's New England Aquarium, dressed like a frogman, and sit down on the tiny dock above the Giant Ocean Tank, the world's largest glass aquarium. My two diving partners, aquarium staff members Bob Griffin (right) and Toni Pollack, are already in the water. I put in my legs. The water is 76°, a median temperature acceptable to the large ocean animals from Cape Cod to Key West with which the tank is stocked.

Something large is rising. "They'll be curious about somebody new coming in," Griffin had said. "The turtles are interested in air bubbles. The sharks will sense your vibrations, and smell you. As they approach, they actually will be tasting you to see if you're good to eat."

The shape continues to rise. Remain calm. Know hysteria, and assimilate it. "Sharks are keenly aware of erratic behavior," Griffin had said.

I look at my foot. An Atlantic green sea turtle the size of a water bed is homing in on it. Ah, yes. I glance at the schoolchildren peering over the railing, watching the divers. Pollack grabs the 500-pound turtle by its shell, perhaps a fin length from my foot, and steers it slowly downward like a mover edging a piano into the parlor. "That was Myr-

tle," she says coming up. "She's crazy."

I am in a little deeper now, up to my chest, my mask and oxygen regulator in place. I can feel the gentle current from right to left. Forms drift past counter-clockwise, against the flow. "Aerodynamically, it's easier for most fish to swim into a current," Griffin had explained. "Watch out for the traffic when you get down there."

My head goes under and suddenly pops out. "A lot of divers get claustrophobia when they start in," Roz Ridgway, the public relations woman, had said. "Unnatural density," was the way Curator Lou Garibaldi put it.

I feel as though I have just viewed a cauldron of slowly stirred sea monsters. Beneath me five- and six-foot sharks circle alongside giant turtles, tarpon and barracuda. On the bottom are things that resemble boulders, 400-pound jewfish. There are more than 250 animals in the 23-foot-deep, 40-foot-wide, 200,000-gallon circular tank.

How can a sane person descend into such company? "Well," said Toni Pollack, in the kind of inverted logic that seemed so reasonable on land, "the turtles are probably more dangerous than the sharks."

Now as we sink past the fiber-glass reef

that fills the center of the tank, its grotesque and tunneled form pulsing with marine life that one wouldn't mind seeing mounted on walls, it is necessary to remind oneself that there is a purpose in this dive—the animals must be fed.

"We tried feeding all the sharks from the top," said Lou Garibaldi, "but only the browns would come up. We thought if the sand tigers and nurse sharks got hungry enough, they'd surface feed, too. Instead, when we opened up one morning, quite a number of the fish in the tank were gone. And, of course, if we just



PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STERNET

dumped food in and let it go at that, there'd be total chaos." Now the browns are fed at one time, the turtles at another and the remaining fish immediately after.

My instructions for this "bottom" feeding are that I should go into a cave and remain quiet. That way I will avoid stepping on sharks or aggravating moray eels and loggerhead turtles. "Sometimes the fish go a little nuts," said Griffin. "There's no real difference between animals here and in the wild. And there's no such thing as a tame shark."

Reaching bottom, I retire to a hole in the reef and stare out at the people staring in through four-inch glass. Those spectators have come to a most singular public place. Financed by a *Who's Who* of wealthy Bostonians, the New England Aquarium opened with much fanfare in June 1969, some 15 years after the old city aquarium folded.

It marked a high point in "New England determination," stated the *Boston Globe*, for "not one cent of the more than \$5 million construction costs was contributed by any level of government."

Not only was private finance a new twist, so was the aquarium goal. "We don't want a circus," said President David B. Stone firmly at the opening.

For a while, though, he had a black comedy. "Everything that could go wrong, did," Jack Cunningham, the assistant to the president, explained. "Bolts eroded, pipes blew, eels got lost in drains. We had a fire. We had floods. We even had the current going the wrong way in the big tank; as people walked up the spiral ramp, all they saw were the fishes' rear ends." continued





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Finally, with matters under control, the aquarium became everything its founders hoped. "The idea is to get people here for recreation," said Cunningham, "and while they're here, we try to educate them."

Toward that end the aquarium has no walk-through whales or dueling dolphins. What it does have besides 75 smaller fresh- and saltwater exhibits (one of which includes live "touchable" sea creatures) is the main tank filled with large fish and turtles. But why, one feels compelled to ask, are there so many sharks? "Because that's what appeals to people," said Cunningham.

Jaws, he admitted, had created "unbelievable" interest in that "area," and the aquarium, for all its sincerity, is not above capitalizing on that. In the gift shop one of the hottest items is a "Killer Shark" jigsaw puzzle showing a shark's mouth lunging through bloody froth. Diver Griffin, on the other hand, is "sick of the whole *Jaws* thing. Because of that movie," he said, "people are starting shark safaris where they just go out and kill as many sharks as they can. Big deal. Sharks are easy to kill. It wouldn't be hard to kill off an entire reef in a short time. But like any other fish, sharks are ecologically necessary to the sea. Personally, I think they're cool."

On the other side of the glass the crowd is becoming agitated. One of the 25 or so sharks in the tank has approached Griffin, and with a sudden upward surge has sucked in a proffered baby squid like a Hoover picking up a cotton puff. "Nurse sharks can create enough vacuum to rip hermit crabs out of shells," Lou Garibaldi had said. Suddenly the sharks have arrived from everywhere. They lunge and swirl, turning sideways and rubbing at Griffin's food bucket like cats against chair legs. They dive and plunge and lie at his feet, their gill slats opening and closing like venetian blinds.

I back into my grotto. Turtles which have already been fed paddle down, and Griffin stiff-arms them away. Unfortunately, the turtles are ever hungry, eating even the debris tossed into the tank by spectators. "Sometimes, when a turtle passes waste, so many coins come out it's like watching a jackpot in Las Vegas," Griffin said. But now I have worries of my own. A six-foot sand-tiger shark is swimming my way, eyeing me without expression, its silver-gray skin glistening in the dull light like the shark-

skin suits on the racks at Robert Hall. Like most humans, I have always ranked sharks alongside piranhas, rattlesnakes, grizzly bears and black-widow spiders, but I now find an odd detachment mingling with my horror. For instance, I never realized a shark's mouth could be seen as a frown or a smile, depending on the angle from which it is viewed.

Abruptly, the shark dips and whams into my leg, nosing me. I stand rigid as a pipe. The shark wags its tail, slowly passing between my legs. Unaccountably, I reach down and touch its skin, hard and rough as roof shingles.

Feeding sharks in captivity is by no means a safe job. Senior diver George Nally once had his side laid open by a tank shark. Bob Griffin received "maybe 35 bites" last year, and several small teeth are still embedded in his hands. But it was on his very first feeding as an employee that Griffin had his closest call.

"My parents were out there watching," he said. "I really didn't know what to expect, so I was just holding a mackerel in my hand and then this shark started circling me. He charged and grabbed me by the weight belt, and shook me all around the tank."

The sharp-beaked and hungry turtles can be hazardous, as can the moray eels, which occasionally slither out of their giant clamshells and ooze about like green crepe paper. "When two of them fight over territory, it's like something from a Japanese monster movie," Griffin said. Even the sluggish jewfish are to be feared. "One simply inhaled a 4½-foot shark once," said Lou Garibaldi. "Whenever we add new fish we just assume the animals in the tank will take their 20% to 30% off the top."

As in the sea, a survival system has evolved and is maintained through degrees of fear, hunger satiation and a defined pecking order. Myrtle the turtle "does what she wants," but everyone else, even the 10-foot nurse shark who once had to be removed on a stretcher after a confrontation with a turtle, watches his step. "When one of the fish has been nailed during the night, the tension is so strong the next morning even I can feel it," Griffin said.

The divers carry no weapons to protect themselves but take care to keep their charges calm and orderly. They dive punctually, avoid startling movements and try to make sure every animal gets its fair share of the food.

One thing they *don't* do anymore as serve herring. "That's when the sharks go berserk," Griffin said. "The last time I fed herring there were sharks hanging onto my wet suit and clinging to my hair."

The point here is that sharks, and other dangerous sea beasts, can be approached with a modicum of safety if one has a good understanding of their motivations and behavioral tendencies. "Cousteau said the only predictable thing about sharks is that they will act unpredictably," Lou Garibaldi noted. "But they have their reasons like any other animal. We just may not know all of the reasons."

For aquarium divers such as Bob Griffin and Tom Pollack the understanding of tank inhabitants reaches a more personal level. Just by observation they can tell if certain fish are feeling chipper or not, whether they are hungry or diseased or sexually aroused. The sharks are the toughest to read.

"We give names to some of the animals with outstanding personalities," Griffin said. "There's Morris the moray and, of course, my favorite, Myrtle. And in another tank we've got an electric eel named Zap and some time ago we had a sawfish called Black & Decker. But the sharks are different."

Ancient animals that have changed little with the passage of time, sharks react to basic stimuli, if little else. Bob Griffin's hands are scarred and discolored from punching them on the snouts or batting their emery-board tails to maintain order. To really get a point across, he will drop his regulator and bite them in a handy spot, generally a pectoral fin. He also bites the turtles. "They communicate by biting," he explained. "And so can I."

As I watch him hand out his last smelt to a charging sand-tiger shark, I can feel several other sharks bumping into me from the front and behind. I recall for an instant what Lou Garibaldi had said about sharks, a point on which Bob Griffin had basically concurred. "When it gets down to it," said Lou, "if a shark really wants you, he's got you."

As we flipper to the surface, past the silent faces on the other side of the glass, I take a last look at the beasts below. Sharks are strange, fascinating, awesome animals. If they'd wanted me, they could have had me. I absolutely couldn't bring myself to bite one.

END

HIGH ROAD TO THE GOOD LIFE

Once he converted his obsession into a hobby, O. J. Meyer found out how to relax and enjoy the ride
by **PHIL SINGERMAN**

Next instruction."
"Mileage reading 63.15. Left at T. CAST 54.5."

"How's my time?"

"You're still almost a minute late."

"I'll make it up after the T."

The Porsche, a yellow 1973 911T named Bismark III, downshifts from 80 mph to negotiate the linked turns. It comes through the pale corn stalks that cover the Illinois countryside, its rear end twitching on the gravel-strewn road. The driver is Orville J. Meyer—called O.J. by some and Jerry by others. He is a short, powerful man with a mop of blond hair. He sits at the padded steering wheel with deft choppy motions that straighten the car in time for a fast approaching T intersection. He blips the throttle twice, double-clutches into second and yanks the wheel to the left, power-sliding through the corner. In the bucket seat beside him, Helga, his pretty wife, never raises her head from the collection of typewritten sheets, clipboards and stop-watches in her lap and the slide rule in her hands. The Porsche accelerates to 85 on the level farm roadway and the litany continues:

"Next instruction."

"Mileage reading 66.40. Right at Y."

"Can you get me on time?"

"I'll try. We have another CAST [Change Average Speed To] coming up."

It is Sunday afternoon and Jerry Meyer,

a chemical engineer for Du Pont, a metal sculptor, skier, sailor, backpacker, golfer and Porsche fanatic—he is president-elect of the Porsche Club of America's 230-member Chicago Region—is deep in one of his favorite hobbies. In this TSD (time, speed, distance) rally a

driver and a navigator must follow a series of instructions over a given distance, proceeding at given average speeds that constantly change and, using that familiar eighth-grade math formula $D=RT$, compute elapsed time. The rally is divided into legs that terminate at manned





checkpoints. Waiting officials, who know the predetermined arrival time of each team, subtract points according to the amount of time a car is early or late. The team with a score closest to perfect wins, and any rallyist receiving a citation from the law is automatically disqualified. At

the moment Jerry Meyer is behind his correct time because, for a brief period earlier in the rally, he got lost.

"Helga, you *have* to get me on time," Jerry says. "I'm trying, Jerry," his wife replies, "but these speed changes keep fouling me up." "Here," Jerry shouts,

"let me do it." And as the Porsche barrels down the highway he begins making calculations with the slide rule while steering with his knees. "You have to go right at that Y, Jerry," Helga says. But all he can do is mumble since he's got the slide rule between his teeth as he saws away at the steering wheel once again. The turn negotiated, he spits out the slide rule and resumes calculations, all the while gunning the engine, downshifting, upshifting and providing a running account of rallying, the internal workings of his car, the state of the economy and how, for an upcoming crafts fair, he intends to use old exhaust valves and pieces of timing chain in his sculptures.

Give Meyer a trumpet and he will accompany himself at the same time, although it has been a while since he led his own dance band. And do not worry about a breakdown sidelining the Porsche: Meyer could fix a blown transmission with a can opener. In the past year, between ski trips, a canoeing expedition, backpacking in Colorado and a week of scuba diving and fishing in Florida off an oceangoing sloop he and Helga chartered with some friends, Meyer rebuilt four or five Porsche engines, a number of VW's and his furnace. He installed a sauna in his cellar, ran a couple of drivers' schools for the SCCA and about once a month indulged himself in a rally.

You can look it up. It is all there in the calendar the Meyers keep, detailing these and all other events and activities they somehow manage to attend. The calendar is in the bookcase, next to the sculptured lamp that Meyer made and the passport photos he took himself, in color. ("Nothing says you can't take your own passport pictures and nothing says they can't be in color," Meyer claims.) It isn't that he can't afford to have things done for him, it is just that things seem to come out better if he does them himself.

Meyer, 34, is a senior supervisor of production at Du Pont's East Chicago

continued

(Ind.) plant. "I got my personality, at least the I-can-do-it-myself part, from my mother," he says. "When I was just a little kid I remember her telling my father a couple of times how she wanted a larger kitchen. One day my dad took me fishing, and when we got home there was an enormous pile of plaster in the front yard. My mother had torn down one of the kitchen walls while we were gone. 'I sure hope that isn't a load-bearing wall,' my father said. My mother just stood there and smiled. And that's how she got her bigger kitchen."

Meyer, a native of Cincinnati, told the story a couple of evenings before the rally while sitting in his den, a warm, lived-in room full of wand chimes, mobiles, rocks from Colorado and his sculptures. Helga's framed needlepoint renditions of Porsches at speed hung on two of the walls, and in front of the bookcase sat the "stuff-box." A stuff-box holds paraphernalia related to an upcoming weekend's activities. It now contained two Meylan 400 stopwatches and a set of rally tables designed by Meyer.

The Meyers live in Munster, Ind., a quiet suburb of Chicago, where on Friday nights before high school football games the trees in front of varsity players' homes are draped by the cheerleaders with reams of bathroom tissue—getting T.P.'d, they call it. At the edge of his lawn Meyer has embedded two monstrous old gears to keep cars off the grass, another example of his creativity that thrives on recycling discarded material. It also has produced such sculpture as workmen swinging picks, shovels made from old spark plugs and valve guides and a living-room lamp built from the remains of a fire escape.

It comes as no surprise that Meyer places his personal stamp on all his cars. Engineers buy Porsches because Porsches are reputed to be the most precisely designed cars in the world; overdesigned, many car enthusiasts insist. Doctors and lawyers buy Porsches because engineers tell them the car is the most highly refined performance vehicle available. But Jerry Meyer, engineer, lifelong car nut and avowed champion of the marque, took his brand-new \$10,500 Porsche Targa, which had been specially assembled for him at the factory, and proceeded to alter the entire suspension system because he wasn't satisfied with the car's handling characteristics. He did the job in his garage—cutting, fitting and repositioning vital parts on an automobile

whose owners have apoplexy when it is time just to change the oil. For Meyer the task was as simple as ripping down a kitchen wall, even though, like serious rallyists in general and Porsche owners in particular, Meyer treats his car with surgical fastidiousness. To move it from the garage to the driveway for a washing, for example, he rolls rather than drives the 911, believing that to run the engine for only a few seconds would cause a buildup of condensation, resulting in a rusted-out exhaust system.

Now Meyer guns the Porsche up to nearly 100 mph. "It seems as though the different legs of this rally were laid out by different cars with different odometers," he says, "because our O.D. factor keeps changing and I'll be damned if we can get on time." An O.D. factor is the difference between a rally car's odometer over a given distance and that of the car laying out the rally. At the rally's start, all cars run an introductory "odometer leg," during which they measure this difference and figure it into subsequent calculations, which, at least theoretically, is not very difficult. If, for example, you must travel at 50 mph for five miles, then at 30 mph for eight miles and finally at 40 mph for seven miles, it is not too hard to compute your correct elapsed time for the entire 20 miles. But try this: 5.4 miles at 37 mph, then 3.2 miles at 48.5 mph, followed by 6.6 miles at 51.5 mph. Got it down? Now throw in a garbage truck that cuts you off at an intersection and which you must follow at 15 mph for half a mile, a stop sign where you encounter a 12-car wedding party causing a delay of 45 seconds and an ambiguous direction for a right turn where there are two possible roads to take, resulting in a 30-second delay while you argue with your companion.

If you are cool, and running in the equipped class with a \$1,000 computer under the dashboard flashing readouts based on corrections fed in by your navigator, or a Curta calculator, a device resembling a pepper mill into which you put the speed factor (so many minutes per mile) and receive an accurate time, then you've got nothing to worry about except getting lost. However, if you are running in the unequipped class, like Jerry Meyer—who would sooner bring his Porsche to the corner gas station for a tune-up than run a rally equipped—you are in trouble. All you have in the front

seat are a stopwatch, a slide rule and homemade rally tables giving the number of minutes required to go a certain distance. There also is your navigator's mathematical expertise to rely on. By the middle of a rally it may be questionable, owing to the fact that navigators are too busy during a rally to look up; after several dozen high-speed corners they tend to become queasy.

Such troubles do not fit into the Meyer system of rally. His system allows Helga, boggled as she is by the three factors warring in her head—the changing mileage, the alternations of average speed and the time they haven't as yet made up—to lean over and give her husband a kiss. It allows Meyer at least a measure of satisfaction in being late, because being late means he can work out the 911 to make up time. And even if they don't win this rally, they will enjoy an afternoon of highly technical perambulation and can look forward to dinner with their Porsche Club friends, which for Meyer is the purpose of it all.

For many competitors, this is not the case. At the Mercedes garage in Barrington, Ill. where the rally started, there had been considerable psyching as Porsche owners eyed each other warily over steaming cups of coffee. Some feigned ignorance, others feigned hangovers, as they prepared to do battle in spit-splined machines worth as much as \$25,000. Nor was Meyer always this calm, he admits that he once would have done anything to win.

"I'm a competitive person in a competitive society and although I don't like it, I've come to accept it," he says. "I compete on the job and I compete at my leisure activities. Whatever I'm doing, I want to do it well, but now I try to achieve some sort of balance. When Helga and I began rallying in 1966, we were competitive as hell. I'd found a hobby that demanded skills for which I'd been trained, which I liked. And at the same time it allowed me to pursue my interest in cars without the expense or the time involvement of racing. We worked our way up from beginners to experts and won the Chicago Region Porsche Club Rally Championship in 1969. But rally stopped being fun because we were just in it to win. We started fighting and worrying all the time about who would show up at a rally to challenge us. Finally I said, 'This isn't enjoyable anymore, and if a hobby isn't enjoyable, then it's time to get an-

continued



CHURCHILL DOWNS

The following 12 page advertising section contains photographs, information and anecdotes about the care and training of the thoroughbred race horse, and the road to the roses.



Kentucky's Bluegrass region covers only eight counties in the central part of the state, but it is easily the most important compound to horse racing in the entire world. It is here that more Thoroughbreds are raised and trained than any other single spot—some estimates place the figure as high as one-third of the world's Thoroughbred population.

Almost within the shadows of the twin spires of Churchill Downs are more than 300 farms and 100,000 acres devoted to the Thoroughbred industry; little wonder that the Kentucky Derby has reigned as the premier equestrian event for more than a century.

Churchill Downs is the mecca, to be sure. But the Road to the Roses is a rugged one—a path that grinds through nearly three years of arduous training

and countless furlongs of stakes races.

If the preparation is agonizingly difficult, then the requirements to nominate a horse for the Derby are Spartanly simple: the horse must be a registered Thoroughbred and it must be three-years-old. All else that is required is a \$100 nomination fee. No string of victories is required, no question of *noblesse*. It is that candid.

So candid, in fact, that an average of 250 horses are nominated each year by the mid-February deadline. Less than one-tenth of those go postward the first Saturday of May to the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home." What happens to the huge nomination list? Why were so many horses nominated in the first place?

Well, for one thing, a lot of horses nominated are there simply to bolster

the egos of certain owners. Others enter a horse's name merely to improve its value at auction sales. These two categories lop off a large portion of the field long before post time.

The early-year stakes races, such as the Flamingo, Florida and Santa Anita Derbys, the Wood Memorial and the Gotham, eliminate even more hopefuls. Owners and trainers discover that perhaps their horse is not as good as they had thought. By the same token, these prep races might focus attention on strong Derby possibilities.

By April there still may be 40 or so horses remaining on the nomination list. Many of the serious challengers appear at the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland in Lexington, Ky., one of the last steps before the Derby.

At this point other owners elect to



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skip the Derby. Some California horses, for instance, stay at home to run against relatively destitute fields; some trainers feel that their horses aren't ready for the Derby, the first distance race of the year; or perhaps a trainer feels his horse has peaked too early, or maybe his horse has developed an ailment or injury.

So there may be 25 horses shipped to Louisville to prepare for that one day in May. Of these, money may weed out a few more, because the owners are required to pay a \$4,000 fee on the Thursday before the race and another \$3,500 on Derby Day.

At this point it may become a waiting game for some owners, who wait to see who drops by the wayside. The owner of a speed horse, like Bombay Duck of the 1975 Derby, might wait to see if any other speed horses are still in. If not, he may enter his horse, hoping that it gets an early lead and holds on. It is strategy until the final moment.

But magically the field has always worked itself down to one that can be handled. In the event that it doesn't, track officials in 1975 voted to limit the starting field to 20 horses.

"We had to look ahead to the possibility of having too many horses to start a race. There will never be a split race," a Derby official says. "Why? Well, because that would make the *Preakness* the race of the year."

The ruling now states that if more than 20 horses are entered, the racing secretary will take the 20 with the highest lifetime earnings and the owners of the others will get a full refund. And the Kentucky Derby will still be the world's most prestigious race.

The Horse

The accent on speed in the Thoroughbred has set it apart from all other horses. It has trimmed down and hardened the skeletal structure, especially in the legs and fetlock joints and it has developed muscles with strength that is sometimes too much for joints, bones and tendons. The demand for outstanding performance has been so great that the breed itself demands special attention.

This same emphasis on speed has also changed the horse's psychological nature. For one thing, it has made him more courageous. Compared to other types of horses he is more intolerant of opposition and more confident, more determined to finish the job—or race—regardless of the odds. This courage and temperament have caused Thoroughbred horsemen to refer to non-Thoroughbreds as "cold-blooded" horses.

For the most part, the characteristics that would be regarded as faults in any other breed are also faults with the Thoroughbred. Standards for judging the Thoroughbred are almost the same as they are for judging any other horse.

There is a tremendous range in the size of horses in general, from roughly 14 hands, two inches to 18 hands, and from 700 pounds to more than 1500; and also a great variety of shapes.

"Cold-blooded horses come in all sizes and shapes," one horseman put it. "You can even find good horses with universally accepted faults, such as ewe necks, flat withers, straight shoulders, calf knees, straight pasterns, club feet, long backs, goose rumps and sickle hocks."

Thoroughbred horsemen like to say that their breed differs. The range, for instance, is narrower, from about 15 to 17 1/2 hands, and with a variation of only about 300 pounds (in training conditions), from 900 to 1200. And most of them are comparatively free of those characteristics that are considered faults. But there are enough exceptions—enough good horses that vary from the norm—to dissuade most experts from being positive about what it takes to make a good Thoroughbred.

The main difference is obviously speed and the lean frame and fine skin. And courage.

All agree that it is this major ingredient that causes the blood horse to be different.

Care and Feeding

An antelope can attain a top speed of 55 m.p.h. and a cheetah can reach 65 m.p.h., but only for 100 yards or so. Consequently, the Thoroughbred horse is the world's fastest animal because he can run the mile and one-quarter at an average speed of 36 to 37 m.p.h., even while carrying 126 pounds of jockey, saddle and lead weights (if necessary to make the required weight). It is a sustained pace that neither the antelope nor cheetah can begin to approach.

But to get in shape for the Derby, even a talented, well-bred animal must go through a rigorous training plan. The regime of 1972 Derby winner Riva Ridge is a classic example of what it takes to get the horse ready, both physically and mentally.

Riva Ridge's trainer sensed that the



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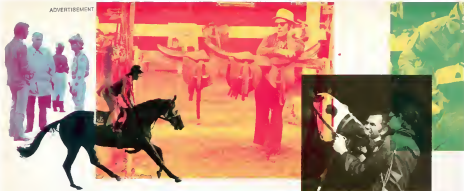
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colt might become over-confident and loaf around at Derby time, so he had him flown to Florida in November for a six-week vacation of relaxed training. After the horse had rested well, he began a careful program to build up his stamina for the big race. Each day the bay colt was urged by his rider to sprint progressively longer distances, but short enough for him to finish the workout with plenty of strength. Otherwise the colt could have lost as much as 20 to 25 pounds a week, and with it some of his strength and speed.

The mental attitude of a Thoroughbred is as important as his physical strength and Riva Ridge lived up to the expected. He was so irritated by the training program that he rebelled by bucking and kicking his way back to the stable after each strenuous workout. The handler quietly walked him around the barn until he settled down.

And then they whetted his appetite

to win, but only twice—so as not to completely satisfy that appetite. He won the first race and lost the second. To help him forget the loss, he was flown to a race course in Lexington to work out the final month. Ten days before the Derby he was entered in, and won, the Blue Grass Stakes.

On Derby Day his hay and water were taken out of his stall three hours before the race, to let him know that this was the day. His trainer says that his muscles actually began to swell with excitement and later, when the starting gate opened, he surged forward with such force that he assumed command of the race even though he was bumped at the start. He was never headed.

The training and pampering had paid off.

Diet

As any other athlete, a Derby candidate cannot build up the strength needed

—regardless of the intensity of the training program—without a balanced diet.

These growing three-year-olds need to develop strong muscles, not fat, so they are fed a high-protein diet. A typical mixture might be oats, corn, barley, bran, chopped hay sprayed with dark cane molasses, and soy bean and alfalfa pellets. For extra roughage and nutrition, all Thoroughbreds are fed a second course of clover hay, which is often tasted by careful trainers before they buy it, to test its richness.

Some horses get a dessert course of warm honey or molasses, laced with antibiotics or castor oil to ward off youthful illnesses.

Fragile Legs

Lameness is the major ailment a trainer looks for in a horse. The first thing he does when he arrives at the



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stable each morning is to feel for any swelling or heat in the animal's knees, tendons, feet and ankles. He constantly watches with binoculars as the horse works out, looking for the slightest misstep, because he is keenly aware that with each rhythmic, 22-foot stride, the entire weight of the horse and rider comes slamming down onto his fragile legs. These legs are narrower at the ankle than a human's.

The slightest stress can sprain or inflame his limbs so a horse is always massaged with alcohol after his post-workout shower or sponge bath. If the horse shows any signs of soreness, the trainer immediately treats the legs with soothing salves or heating pads or whirlpool baths.

Once the horse reaches the hallowed confines of Churchill Downs the train-

ers intensify their work and their vigil. For one thing, the horses must be kept content with their new surroundings, and if it takes the companionship of a dog or cat—or the absence of either—or the removal of the oak floor in his stall, in preference to his more familiar dirt floor, then it must be done. Some horses have had to have feeding hours switched to the middle of the night; others have needed music to calm them down. One inventive trainer played a recording of "My Old Kentucky Home" to his horse. Others have paraded their horses by crowded grandstands to get them more used to the crowd come Derby Day.

The Reward

But if the breeding and training and pampering are all put together prop-

erly and maintains the pace his trainer and jockey have prescribed for him, the blanket of roses will be laid across his withers and, as most Thoroughbred horsemen will tell you, "You can see the joy of winning in his eyes."

Ben Jones, who had trained more Derby winners than anyone, recalled 1948 winner Citation's attitude in the winner's circle:

"He always was a proud type, but after his Derby win he strutted around like a horse who knew he was so good that everybody had better get out of his way. And, by golly, he was right!" □

By Bill Neely



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other hobby.' So we backed off and now, even though we try to do well, we're only in it for fun. If I got involved in the SCCA national rally series the fun would disappear, plus I would have to give up other things like sailing or skiing or backpacking, and I don't want to do that. But I'll keep on rallying on the club level, maybe run an event a month, and throw in a gymkhana here and there because I really enjoy driving the Porsche hard and because I'll always be into cars."

A quick trip to Meyer's garage, outfit like a miniature NASCAR shop, eliminates any doubts about his devotion to the automobile. Next to Bismark III sits Bismark II, a 1967 Porsche 912. Bismark I, another 912, was demolished by a trailer truck a couple of years back. The crash won Meyer a lifetime membership in the National Safety Council's Kangaroo Club for people whose lives have been saved by seat belts. In the driveway rest Ziegfried, a Volkswagen beetle; Bruenhilda, a Kharmann-Ghia; and The Art-fall Dodger, a fully carpeted, paneled and stereo-ed 1974 Dodge van used primarily for ski trips and camping. But Meyer's sense of devotion does not end with internal combustion engines.

The Du Pont plant in East Chicago where Meyer works looms above the colorless landscape with no pretense to architectural beauty. A network of railroad tracks bedded in black dirt angles among the somber buildings, and an acrid blend of chemical smells hovers in the air. It is the kind of place that the typically ambitious young engineer would view as a stepping-stone to a future amid plush corporate surroundings. Not Jerry Meyer. He believes in roots and enjoys his work, finding it a challenge to his creative and organizational skills. "I've seen a lot of men come through here who are just putting in their time... paying their dues before they move on to another plant," he says. "They aren't interested in doing a job. They see their entire lives with that kind of vision and never really devote themselves to anything. And you know something, they never really enjoy themselves either."

By registering early, Meyer had been able to select his position in the rally and had naturally chosen to be the lead car. "If you're car No. 1, you're never tempted to follow anyone else," he says. Even though he and Helga were late they still arrived at each checkpoint ahead of any

other teams, but Meyer declined to protest the fluctuating O.D. factor. In the old days he would have been hopping up and down outside the Porsche like a runaway jackhammer. "I've seen rallies where four out of five legs get thrown out by the protests," Meyer says. "Pickyone stuff like that kills the sport, and you have no idea how detailed rallyists can be. In an SCCA national rally you'll be told the size of the tire on the car laying out the course and whether it was cold or warm, because a tire's circumference changes with its temperature. You know what information like that is good for? To drive you nuts, that's what."

There is something in the nature of TSD adherents that dotes on minutiae and technical nuance to the point of losing the sport with chicanery and weird variations. Meyer remembers one rally he ran that included the following instruction: Every time you see the word *creek* spelled out, increase the average speed 10%, but every time *creek* is abbreviated, decrease average speed 10%. "You're going along at 50 mph and you see creek spelled out, so you increase to 55," he says. "Then you see cr, and nine out of 10 people decreased to 50 rather than 49.5." When he was asked how one managed to drive at 49.5 miles an hour, Meyer just chuckled.

The set of directions in this particular Porsche Club rally were graphic illustrations called "tulip instructions," which the navigator had to translate into English for the driver. For example, a symbol like the one shown here means to make the first right after the railroad tracks. Serious TSD rallyists don't like tulip instructions and would rather contend with more meaningful directives like the "main road rule," meaning on a highway with a bend to the left and a straight-ahead fork you take the bend. Or the "as-straight-as-possible rule," whereby given the same alternatives, you follow the fork. Pro rallyists, who bludgeon high-performance vehicles over animal trails, logging roads and dried-out riverbeds in events like the Safari in East Africa and the Press On



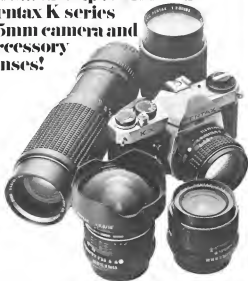
Regardless in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, think TSD rallyists are in the same league as card-catalog librarians and would rather demolish their cars without the benefit of any directions at all. But both share a curious relationship to the terrain over which they travel; they regard the world outside their cars as an obstacle to be overcome, never as a system to which they belong.

At a quiet crossroads on the rally route, several children kick a soccer ball in a lot full of leaves. An old man wearing a Setson hat, an "open road" model, walks his horse inside a rickety corral beside a weathered frame farmhouse where, in the front yard, an Edsel is for sale. A girl, perhaps 11, swings on a piece of 2 x 10 suspended from a tree by two lengths of rusty chain. The scene is frozen for an instant, then disappears with a frantic whine of gears into a valley flanked by plowed fields as, one by one, in Porsches of every vintage and color, the rallyists pass. Oblivious of their surroundings, aware of nothing but the translation of words into course changes and alternations of speed, they impose an overlay of calculations on the countryside and thus remove it from sight. They could be anywhere on earth as long as a left turn appears in 4.7 miles. They are engaged in a ritual of precision, in harmony with nature only when they are not lost and are on time. They have no desire to dis-

continued

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HIGH ROAD *continued*

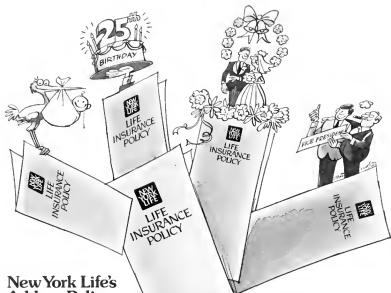
till, from the landscape that races by, images of a country Sunday afternoon.

A few get lost. One destroys his transmission and scatters clutch parts over half an acre of potatoes. Several navigators become ill, but eventually they all rendezvous at a restaurant, a replica of a Bavarian beer garden complete with statued lawns, a duck-filled pond and a banquet hall for the Porsche Club dinner, an event that concludes each of the club's rallies. The official scorer is nowhere to be found so, true to form, Jerry Meyer sits down and goes to work. "If I don't do it, the guy will show up and have to read score sheets instead of having dinner," he says, without rancor, happy to be among friends, sipping vodka gimlets and discussing the pitfalls of the rally course. He and Helga have finished fifth overall, but he doesn't care. During the meal he shuttles among a couple that shares another of his new interests, CB radios, a woman who, like him, will exhibit at next week's crafts show and a man who wants some help with an engine rebuild. Plans must be made. Since Thursday night he has attended a concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, organized and overseen a party for Du Pont employees and run this rally, but he shows no signs of slowing down.

At 1:00 a.m. Monday, when most Sunday rallyists are fast asleep dreaming of checkpoints and mileage readings, Jerry Meyer stands in front of the workbench in his garage, welding goggles pushed up on his grimy forehead, an acetylene torch in his hand, examining the metal figures he has just brazed. They are hockey players made from discarded railroad spikes and pieces of brass; Meyer plans to include them in his exhibit at the crafts fair. On the floor, a surrealistic plant with stems of copper tubing, leaves of hammered brass and a base fashioned from chunks of some rocklike substance Meyer retrieved from a blast furnace at the Du Pont plant sits beside a Porsche engine that needs rebuilding. Helga pokes her head in from the den and says she is going to sleep. Meyer flips a switch, shutting off the stereo speakers in the house but allowing the sound system he has wired into the garage to continue playing. And as Janis Joplin begins to sing the blues he fires up the torch and goes back to work. After all, it's Monday already, the stuff-box in the den is empty and there are still eight hours before he has to be at work.

END

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Led by Pitcher Floyd Bannister, top-rated Arizona State took three straight against No. 2 Arizona

A Devil of a series

Never mind what you've heard, the baseball season did not start last week in Cincinnati and Milwaukee. Far from it. They have been playing high-caliber baseball in Arizona for almost two months now. Granted it's college ball, but if you do not think that is good or engrossing, you were not at Arizona State's Packard Stadium in Tempe last Thursday. The very day those hold-out, locked-out big-leaguers finally were getting down to real work, the two best college teams, complete with the two best college players and the best college rivalry in the country, were starting a three-game series of their own.

The combatants were top-ranked Arizona State (38-7) and No. 2 Arizona (32-10). Although the two had been playing games since mid-February, they had not yet faced each other. But their first

series was worth waiting for. It marked the opening of the Western Athletic Conference schedule for both teams. In league play each game is critical, and that added extra fire to a rivalry that has been red hot ever since ASU began playing varsity baseball in 1959.

"Arizona fans used to boo us when we got off the bus in Tucson," says Fred Nelson, who played for the Sun Devils in the 1960s and now coaches Scottsdale Community College. "Once they let the air out of our tires." Nelson was among a crowd of 7,850 that attended the series opener. That figure was about 550 below capacity at Packard Stadium, but many of the empty seats appeared to have come disguised as fans. Another spectator was a man whose indecision could figure heavily in the American League standings, Reggie Jackson of the Oakland Orioles. Jackson, an Arizona State alumnus, could not stay away, although he claimed, "Baseball is the farthest thing from my mind."

He was entertained in spite of himself. The ASU starter was the country's leading collegiate pitcher, lefthander Floyd Bannister, who came into the game with a 9-1 record, a 1.43 earned run average and an average of 14 strikeouts per game. This night his performance would be merely ordinary for him, perhaps because he had been suffering from the flu for three days. Bannister gave up an unearned run in the first inning when Arizona State's freshman shortstop, Bob Horner, booted his first chance (this is no rivalry for rookies) and a couple of Arizona players sandwiched hits around a walk to the best-hitting prospect on any campus, Wildcat Outfielder Dave Stegman. Stegman began the series with a .455 average that did not include a 5-for-5 performance in an exhibition game against the Oakland A's.

The game soon turned into a pitching duel between Bannister and Craig Gioia, who leads Arizona in wins (7), ERA (2.10), strikeouts (50) and vowels. The moment of highest drama arrived with one out in the sixth inning when the Sun Devils loaded the bases. To the plate came Third Baseman Brandt Humphrey, a rangy, bespectacled sophomore who was originally considered a defensive specialist but had worked his way into the regular lineup by batting .367. Gioia fooled him badly on two pitches, then Humphrey worked the count to 3-2, choked up on his bat and guessed slider.

His premonition was correct, and he lined a single to center that scored one run and keyed the game-breaking rally that led to the Sun Devils' 7-2 win.

The best late-inning viewing was in the stands, where the Hallmark Hecklers, a raucous group of Arizona State students, were holding forth. At one point Arizona blew a chance to get back in the game when Third-Base Coach Mark Johnson waved home a doomed runner. The Wildcat was tagged out, and the Hecklers chanted "M-I-C, K-I-Y, M-O-U-O-A." One of them, graduate student Neil Koven, had news for those Arizonians who claim the Sun Devil-Wildcat rivalry has mellowed. "We hate those SOB's," he said. "We built this field with private funds but the state built their field. The legislature is dominated by people from Tucson."

After the game, the quiet, studious Bannister, dressed in sneakers, corduroy pants, a white T-shirt and a warmup jacket, sat in front of two Big Boy hamburgers and a large milk. All that was missing was a slice of American pie. Bannister could be in a major league uniform before the end of the summer, and he had just shown that he has major league mettle with a 145-pitch complete game despite the lingering flu. "I just hope the pros don't push me too fast," he said. "I don't want to blow my confidence. I hope they put me in Double A or wherever I really belong." He probably belongs far higher than he thinks.

In the second game Arizona State trailed 9-4 going into the seventh. "Remember Tulsa!" yelled the players, who were on their feet after the first two batters of the inning walked. ASU had trailed Tulsa 9-0 and rallied to win 14-9, and now there was an air of inevitability in the Sun Devil dugout that a similar rally was in the works. Ricky Peters singled, Ken Landreaux doubled and suddenly Arizona's lead was cut to 9-7. Another near capacity crowd, this one accurately figured at 8,338, roared as designated hitter Clay Westlake forced in a run with an infield out, and Ken Phelps tided the score with a bloop hit. Then with runners on second and third, the redoubtable Humphrey delivered again, driving in the go-ahead run with a single on the first pitch. By the time the inning was over, the Sun Devils had rallied for six runs on six hits. They went on to win 11-9. "Fantastic doesn't begin to describe it," cheered ASU Coach Jim Brock, who

continued

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had looked good himself by waving in Reliever Mitch Dean to snuff out a late Wildcat threat.

While the Sun Devils play with a late-inning explosiveness reminiscent of the Red Sox, they look more like the A's—Sal Bando's brother Chris is a reserve second baseman—and act more like the Reds. They use tobacco and snuff, chide each other and bait their foes. All the regulars are hitting better than .300, and 10 or more of the players are likely to sign professional contracts when the college season ends in June.

After the second loss Arizona was understandably depressed, and that even included Stegman, though he had not been retired in 10 trips to the plate. He had doubled twice, walked seven times and been hit by a pitch. He looks like a right-hand-hitting Fred Lynn, complete with a prominent nose (the State players call him Aardvark), an upright swing that consistently produces line drives, good eyes and exceptional range. In fact, he almost signed with the Red Sox after his junior year.

But instead of pointing to his impeccable record at the plate, Stegman drew attention to his lone mistake. He had been picked off first by ASU's sturdy Catcher Gary Allenson, who on a subsequent play provoked an uncharacteristic display of anger from Stegman. Even though he did not have the ball, Allenson blocked the plate when Stegman was scoring. "Don't ever do that, bleeper," said Stegman, an honor student in engineering who is even straighter than Bannister. "Stegman said that?" the ASU players laughed in disbelief. It made their night.

On Saturday they made their weekend, beating Arizona a third time with another routine come-from-behind rally, this one for three runs in the eighth. Centerfielder Landreaux, just a fraction less touted than Stegman, drove in the winning run, and Bannister got his 11th victory in relief.

"A few hits one way or another and it could have been different," said Stegman. Arizona—and its no less raucous fans—will have a chance to prove it during a three-game series in Tucson next month. Then, thanks to the NCAA's wild-card format, the archrivals could meet again in the College World Series. That makes perfect sense, because this is one intra-state rivalry that should be enjoyed by the whole nation.

END

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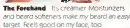
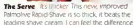


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Short-track speed skating is a game full of explosive excitement. It also is a sports orphan, standing on the outside and looking in at the Olympics. The First World Short Track Speed Skating Competition last weekend at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana doubled as an audition for the International Skating Union, and when it was all over the future looked a bit brighter. Skaters from 10 nations had shown their stuff: the ISU strongly indicated that it might adopt the sport; and everybody left the rink figuring that, if it's the Midwest today, tomorrow it's the world.

But either way, for the spectators short-track skating is one of the better buys in sports. The speedsters blast off in packs, usually six to an event, circling a 100- to 125-meter rink when the races are staged indoors. And on the short and narrow courses, with the skaters bunched at speeds up to 30 mph, it gets scary. It is common to see a body come flying out of a pack and slide, twirling, across the ice until it crashes into a wall. The result is something like a track event on blades, at distances from 250 to 3,000 meters, with just a dash of roller derby. Not that violence is condoned. After the start, where all the flailing bodies seem intent on merging into one, the policing is strict and one keeps his hands and elbows to himself.

Unlike speed skating in the Winter Olympics, where two skaters race independently against the clock on a 400-meter track, pack skating never leaves any doubt as to who is leading. Or, at the instant of crossing the finish line, who has won. Says Lars-Olaf Eklund, the Swedish captain, "Sometimes at the Olympics, when one skater has fallen and the other is a bad skater going 10,000 meters, it is quite easy to fall asleep. The word for it is boring."

Boring was decidedly not the word for the relay races at the Illinois meet. A European innovation that at times resembles a demolition derby, relays are skated at distances from 1,500 to 5,000 meters, most often with teams of four, and a skater can enter and leave a race as many times as he likes except on the final two laps. Usually a skater will go one lap—at Illinois that was 125 meters—before giving way. No batons are used. The fresh skater awaits his teammate as he comes boiling out of the last turn, he is given a powerful two-handed push on the seat of the pants and goes

roaring off. This means that for several seconds there are eight skaters on a very tiny stretch of the track: four of them taking off, four trying to get out of the way. To see it is to believe it.

Until The First World etc., the Americans had never even witnessed a relay race. "We all thought it was a joke," said Alan Rattray, a 20-year-old draftsman from Los Angeles and a two-time U.S. national champion. "I thought it was stupid and dangerous. But it really is a lot of fun. We were all surprised. We had just one night of practice, and when we went out in the semifinal we were really smooth." Smooth enough, as it turned out, to finish second to England in the 3,000-meter final. Then they got a whole lot smoother. All told, the U.S. took four of the five relays and, in fact, pretty much swept the meet, winning 20 of a possible 27 gold medals and 47 of 71 medals overall. But the joy of the competition was more meaningful than medal counts, a state of affairs personified by Australia's Colin Coates, one of those who crashed into the boards and came up laughing. "Hey, that was fun," he said. "Winning is fun; losing is fun; falling is fun. When any part of it stops being fun, you better get out."

For years, getting out (or converting to Olympic-style racing) seemed to be about the only answer for those among the 2,000 registered U.S. speed skaters who wanted to stick with the packs. While plenty of rinks are available, indoors and out, the sport seemed to be facing a dead end. The events of last week may have changed all that.

"We are thinking of more than just the U.S. kids," said Bill Markland, the meet director and one of the prime movers behind the competition. "We are talking to Saudi Arabia, to the South Africans, to Japan. We are saying: hey, you can compete. You don't need those big 400-meter tracks that are so expensive. Build small rinks. For our sport that's all you need. The Eastern bloc countries have dominated speed skating because they are the ones with all the big rinks. Short-track racing can turn that situation around."

But it won't be easy. And Philip O. Krumm, the U.S. Olympic Committee president, figures it won't be soon. The short-track people would like to see their sport in the 1980 Winter Games. Krumm says there is a chance—but only as an exhibition. "It will never get on the 1980

A pack that hopes to be picked

Seeking Olympic acceptance, the short-courssers made the rounds

program as a sport. No way," Krumm said as he watched the world competition. "It would be a great step forward just to get it on the program as an exhibition. So many sports are trying to get Olympic recognition. Tennis, baseball, some we never heard of. And there are rules about the number of countries participating in a sport before it can become an Olympic event. Of the 38 countries in the Winter Olympics, only half of them are involved in speed skating. . . ." He shrugged to complete the sentence.

Nonetheless, short-track skating is growing in popularity. Canada's program is second only to that of the U.S. England's and Australia's are both strong. South Africa is holding competitions. Most of Europe is participating and other nations are taking a close look at the sport.

"In Sweden we have discovered going indoors is a way to make people skate," said Eklund. "We have 75 400-meter rinks, but we have 500 indoor hockey rinks we can use for short-track races. All over Europe the ratio is 15 to 1 for the small rinks. And there is general public acceptance. The smaller rinks in the neighborhood make it not so far to go. It is better. We are starting from the bottom, building a good foundation. A lot of countries are doing that. Someday, when our little ones grow up, it will be a very popular sport."

And, as the skaters hope, a real, live Olympic sport. As they said after The First World etc., today Champaign, tomorrow champagne. **END**

Getting chilled by a very slight draft

Apart from those heady moments spent preparing for and playing in the Super Bowl, there was a time when nothing was of more importance to a pro football franchise than that two-day ordeal known as the collegiate player draft. Perhaps more than the won-lost record or the bottom line, it revealed a club's acumen. But even before last week's draft, there were indications that the race henceforth may be not so much to the wise as to the wealthy.

In evidence thereof, consider the signings that took place in the six days preceding the draft and stole the thunder from the selection rites, despite the drafting of the twin Buckeye brothers, the now-twin Selmon brothers, Archie (Twin Heisman) Griffin, Joe Namath's heir apparent, and the participation of Tampa Bay and Seattle, the expansion teams that began play this season.

The most newsworthy event took place the day before the club representatives sat down in New York's Roosevelt Hotel ballroom for a seven-round, 212-player, 14-hour opening-day session. That's when Larry Csonka, the 29-year-old fullback out of Syracuse, Miami, Memphis and three Super Bowls, signed a contract making him the highest-salaried Giant in the team's history.

While terms of the multiyear pact were not revealed by the Giants, they ostensibly had been made public a day earlier by Joe Robbie, the Dolphins' owner. Robbie, claiming his former hireling was making exorbitant demands, said that Csonka had asked for a four-year, million-dollar contract that also called for a \$50,000 cash bonus for signing, an annual bonus of \$15,000, a 20-year loan of \$125,000, and a P.R. job with the club, with expense account, plane tickets, game tickets, a new car and a town-house apartment. (To protect their investment, the Giants subsequently signed eight of Csonka's former WFL teammates, five of them offensive linemen.)

Even before the picks were made, the collagians were outshone by the signing of free-agent stars

"I don't deny those figures are astronomical," Csonka told *The Miami Herald*, "but you have to start somewhere." Then, in a press conference held on the first day of the draft, Csonka barely veiled his anger when he said, "Robbie made our proposal a public ax-grinding and thereby shut the door on any further negotiations I might have had with the Dolphins."

Another coup for the NFC East, in keeping with the excitement the division gave its fans last season, came four days earlier when Calvin Hill, like Csonka a 29-year-old running back, returned from the World Football League and signed with the Washington Redskins. Terms of Hill's contract were neither announced nor ratted to the press, but it is reasonable to assume that the ex-Cowboy will be similarly well-heeled. In one sense, Hill's signing was even more significant than Csonka's because in its aftermath Commissioner Pete Rozelle revealed that at least for the time being the Rozelle Rule will not be enforced—that is, a team signing a free agent does not have to compensate his former club.

The day before Csonka made his Giant fortune, Paul Warfield, his teammate at both Miami and Memphis, signed a three-year contract with the Cleveland Browns—the club on which he started his pro career back in 1964. Warfield is the fleet wide receiver whom the Browns traded to Miami in 1970 to obtain draft rights to Purdue Quarterback Mike Phipps. Now Warfield will be going after passes thrown by the man who, in effect, tossed him out of town.

The Csonka, Hill and Warfield deals were straight acquisitions of free-agent players. Perhaps frightened by the prospect of getting no compensation for Jim

Plunkett, who announced he would play out his option this year, New England traded Plunkett to the San Francisco 49ers for Quarterback Tom Owen and four high draft choices.

In December 1974 Judge William T. Swigert said that in his opinion the draft was illegal in that there must be a time limit on exclusive negotiating rights. A year later Judge Earl Larson ruled that the Rozelle Rule violated antitrust laws. Since then the league has been unable to win legal sanction for the regulations it says are necessary to maintain the competitive balance essential to professional sport. Apparently the NFL is not going to try to enforce the Rozelle Rule until its status is legally clarified.

Barring intervention by Congress in the form of legislation that would give the NFL the same antitrust exemption enjoyed by major league baseball, the NFL now has two options. One is another session in court; indeed, the NFL is appealing Larson's ruling. The alternative is for the owners to bargain compensation rules as part of a contract with the NFL Players Association.

That means that for now both groups are operating in an open market, an economic system NFL owners swear will lead their sport straight to perdition even though it seems to do all right by the rest of the free world. What the NFL owners seem to fear most is themselves. They argue that without the restraints that they have imposed on themselves and which the courts continue to declare illegal, cut-throat financial competition will arise, spelling the end of the draft, scouting, team stability, reasonable ticket prices and the competitive balance that fills stadiums and attracts TV dollars. Give us liberty, the NFL owners moan, and give us death.

It is conceivable that the draft—now the culmination of an expensive, highly repetitious scouting process—could lose its significance in an open market. "This

continued



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draft is going to become a lot less important," one NFL spokesman said Thursday, shortly after Tampa Bay had made Defensive End Leroy Selmon of Oklahoma the No. 1 choice of the 487 athletes to be selected. "With no option compensation rule, why should you spend the time scouting a guy if you may keep him only one year? It's smarter to wait and see if he can play pro football, then sign him."

That's the NFL's way of forecasting gloomy days, but it is a self-serving and somewhat specious argument. If the legality of the draft is finally upheld, is it logical to assume that some NFL owners, so dedicated to one-upmanship in other aspects of the game, would suddenly let their colleagues monopolize first-year players? And if the owners did abandon scouting, wouldn't the money saved cover the feared increase in player salaries and perhaps even lead to lower-priced tickets?

One must assume for the present,

however, that the NFL owners will continue to try to shackle their own worst instincts and revive their compensation system. And that leaves another question unanswered. If some form of the rule is reinstated, will the Giants, Washington and Cleveland be assessed compensation retroactively?

In addition to the Plunkett deal two other trades of more than casual interest prefaced the college draft by a week. In one of them, Cincinnati tried to reach defensive parity with the Steelers by acquiring Defensive End Coy Bacon from San Diego for Wide Receiver Charlie Joiner. In the second trade Houston swapped Lynn Dickey, a backup quarterback for three seasons, to Green Bay for John Hadl, All-Pro Cornerback Ken Ellis, a fourth-round draft choice last week and a third-rounder next year.

Even without the various signings, trades and a long-delayed beginning that coincided with the opening of the baseball season and the Masters golf tour-

namment, it is doubtful that last week's college draft would have generated the enthusiasm it has in other years. Those who suspected that this year's crop was low on quality had little reason to change their opinion, especially when Friday's session began with Seattle taking LSU's Larry Shipp, listed as a wide receiver. Shipp, the NCAA high-hurdles champ, hasn't played football since high school. At that, he may have been a better choice than San Diego's 12th-round selection, Ron Lee, the second-team basketball All-America from Oregon who has never played football. Basketball also contributed Michigan's Wayman Britt and Indiana's Quinn Buckner, who opposed each other in the NCAA championship two weeks ago, to the Redskins.

With no blue-chip quarterback available among the college seniors, the 6'3", 262-pound Leroy Selmon was a predictable No. 1 choice and the fourth defensive lineman so honored in the last five years. Tampa Bay kept the Sooner de-

continued

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fensive siblings together by taking Dewey Selmon (6' 1", 257 pounds) at the end of the second round.

For quaintness, however, the Bucs' brother act couldn't match that of the Jets, who took Don and Dave Buckley, a wide receiver and quarterback respectively, the first set of twins selected by the same team in the same round (12th) of the same draft. The Buckley twins had played for Lou Holtz, the Jets' new coach, at North Carolina State.

Seattle caused one of the few surprises Thursday when its opening choice was Notre Dame's Steve Niehaus, a defensive tackle, rather than Chuck Muncie, California's superb running back.

"Niehaus is the kind of guy who can play 10 years in this league," said Seattle Assistant Coach Larry Peccatiello. "A running back isn't going to last that long." Incidentally, no less than 200 selections were made before another Notre Dame player was drafted. He was Ed Bauer, a guard who went to New Orleans.

Drafting third, the Saints picked Muncie. Along with Oklahoma's Joe Washington (No. 4, to San Diego), Purdue's Mike Pruitt (No. 7, Cleveland), Texas A&M's Bubba Bean (No. 9, Atlanta) and Wyoming's Larry Gaines (No. 16, Detroit), Muncie was one of five running backs drafted before Cincinnati selected Griffin, the two-time Heisman Trophy winner from Ohio State whose size may militate against his success in the NFL. As for the sanity of the Cleveland statistics crew, it now has the vexing prospect of Greg Pruitt and Mike Pruitt operating out of the same backfield.

Responding to tradition and the likelihood that this season will be Namath's last, the Jets drafted Richard Todd of Alabama, the only quarterback taken in the first round. It was a selection that earned loud cheers from the partisan gallery, where a fan's sign read DON'T BLOW IT, TAKE TODD #1.

The Big Ten led the draft with 51 players, while Ohio State and Nebraska topped individual schools with 11 each. In all, 258 offensive and 208 defensive players were drafted. Twenty-one specialists completed the total.

An NFL coach once said it took three seasons to evaluate the success of a draft. The way times are changing, this draft may be the last one he rates. **END**

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Getting a line on graphite

After wielding the pencil-thin rods for a year, an expert now favors them over fiber glass—but warns they are no cure-all for beginners

Last May I finally gave in, and on my way to the Florida Keys for a couple of months of tarpon fishing I stopped at a Miami custom rod-building shop and bought a graphite fly-rod blank. Like almost every other fisherman, I had heard a lot about graphite—good and bad—in the six or so years since the rods had become generally available, and I felt it was high time to try one out myself. I was looking for a rod that would handle a light saltwater fly line, about a No. 9, something suitable for bonefish and permit. John Emery, an expert in tackle design, chose a nine-foot two-piece blank for me, along with a set of low-friction aluminum oxide guides. He also loaned me a heavier graphite rod, which he had made up for tarpon.

John's taste in tarpon rods runs a good deal heavier than mine, and what he handed me was indeed a formidable weapon, for launching a heavy No. 13 line into the face of the wind. I swished it through the air there in the shop, and it was extremely stiff, as graphite tends to be, but since graphite rods are also considerably smaller in diameter than their fiber-glass equivalents, it was surprisingly light. John told me to go ahead and try the rod for about a week, then pass it on to Bob Montgomery, an accomplished Key West guide and fly-fisherman.

As I was on my way out the door, admiring the beautiful workmanship that had gone into the tarpon rod, I said, "I sure hope it doesn't break." I was thinking of what I had heard about graphite blanks snapping for no apparent reason, like the time a boy had broken one while casting with a demonstration model at a tackle convention. "Don't worry about it," John assured me. "If it breaks, it breaks. Put all the pressure on it you want. That's what it's for."

A couple of mornings later I was staked out in my skiff on the edge of a

flat below Key West. The tide was beginning to drop and a friend and I were waiting for the tarpon to swim out of a basin where they had spent the night feeding. We had good visibility and were able to see the first school while it was still 100 yards away. The fish were stretched out in a long single file, at least 15 of them. When they had approached to within about 40 feet, my partner delivered the fly nicely to the lead fish. The tarpon inhaled it without breaking stride, but on the first jump he threw the fly.

Then it was my turn. I decided to give Emery's big graphite tarpon rod a try while I was still fresh. As I stood on the casting platform waiting for an opportunity to present itself, I practiced casting with the stiff nine-footer. Although I had just come from three months of guiding in the Bahamas, poling the flats almost every day, my wrists felt barely strong enough to control the rod properly. Even so, I found I could cast more than 50 feet, throwing the entire fly line. I had a glass rod in the boat that would do the same thing with a slightly smaller No. 11 line, but it should be remembered that I was unaccustomed to the feel of graphite with its very fast recovery and stiff backbone; my timing was geared to the slower action of glass. I wondered what the results would be after a steady month of fishing with the big rod, when my wrists would be strong enough to cope with the pressure and my timing trimmed to get everything the graphite had to offer. Even on those first casts I was impressed with the rod's quick recovery, which smooths out the waves always present to some extent in a hard-thrown fly line.

However, another property of graphite that I had heard about concerned me. Because it doesn't have the elasticity of glass, what would be the proportion of breakoffs on the strike? I am accustomed

to hooking hard-mouthed tarpon by striking them very hard. It is a habit I've gotten into to compensate for the "give" inherent in glass rods, but it is this same give that leaves plenty of room for error on the fisherman's part. As long as an angler lets the rod do the striking and does not neutralize the built-in spring effect of a glass rod by yanking on the line itself while holding the rod practically horizontal, there is relatively little chance of breaking a 12-pound tippet. But with the stiffer action of graphite...?

My chance to find out came when we spotted a single fish hugging the bank as he swam in our direction. He looked to be about 50 pounds, a size at which tarpon make their most spectacular jumps. Like the first fish we had seen, this one took the fly readily. From the time I started to cast I had concentrated on the fish; the mechanics of the cast and the strike went unnoticed, which is the way it should be. The hook-up was a good one, with no problem at all, and as the tarpon made six silvered jumps I realized how well the feel of the fish was transmitted through the graphite. It was a feeling of control.

The initial 75-yard run ended in another jump; then it was time for me to begin the real fight. I found I could lean back hard on the rod and exert strong pressure on the fish. Had I been using a glass rod, I would have been fighting a long belly of line as well as a hyper-active tarpon. Instead, my line was almost straight from rod tip to fish. Within about eight minutes, a remarkably short time, I had the tarpon on its side next to the boat and my friend was able to reach out with a pair of cutters and clip off the fly. It was gratifying to see the tarpon swim away strong and fresh, not staggered or totally spent and defenseless as often happens after a longer fight.

Both of us fought several more fish that day, using graphite and glass rods. Because the graphite was so stiff, we were more comfortable casting with the glass rod; however, when it came to fighting a tarpon both of us greatly preferred the graphite.

The following day I turned the graphite rod over to Bob Montgomery for one of his guests to use. Three days later I was staked on a flat when Montgomery came poling over. When he got near he held up a broken fly rod. It took me a second to

continued



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realize that it was the same rod that I had used. "What happened?" I yelled. "He broke it on a fish," said Bob, gesturing toward his guest. I didn't pursue it any further, figuring the fisherman had probably done something stupid and was embarrassed enough as it was. Later, when I got a chance to talk with Montgomery alone, he told me his guest had been doing a good job fighting a tarpon, but the rod had broken for seemingly no reason where his left hand had been gripping it above the cork handle. Looking for a possible cause, I asked, "What pound tippet was he using?" "Twelve!" was Bob's reply. With that size tippet it is just not possible to put very much strain on a rod, particularly a strain sudden enough to cause a glass rod to collapse.

Needless to say, I was more than a little disappointed. I'd just spent about \$80 for my own graphite blank, guides, reel seat and other components and would invest five hours of labor putting them together. Now it seemed very possible to

me that the rod would inexplicably self-destruct when put to the test.

A couple of weeks after the broken-rod episode, I was on the flats with my new graphite rod, the lighter bonefish-permit model. It felt like a toy in my hands, but the way it banged out a line quickly won my respect. The base of the blank was little more than half the diameter of an equivalent glass rod and yet I could easily throw the entire fly line with a single false cast. And, unlike the way it was with the larger tarpon outfit, timing was no longer a problem, for I could feel this rod working with the line.

In only one respect did I remain disappointed. I still could not achieve the fantastic distances that others had ascribed to graphite. Under the best of circumstances I could shoot the entire line plus 10 feet into the backing 100 feet, certainly no more. Nor since that time, having used half a dozen different graphite rods, have I or any of my fellow guides really been able to cast an appreciably

greater distance. Where graphite does surpass glass, without question, is in its ability to subdue a fish more quickly, and to shave an important second or two off the delivery time of the fly to the fish, which on saltwater flats can be very important. On salmon or steelhead water the relatively light graphite rod (about 25', lighter than a fiber-glass rod rated for the same weight line) allows the angler to make repeated distance casts without suffering the arm-wearying weight of glass or bamboo.

But on that first day on the flats with my just-completed graphite rod, repeated casts produced another crisis. Bonefish are a rarity in the waters beyond Key West, yet I came across a huge school of three- and four-pounders. As I drifted before a light breeze, I quickly caught three of these fish, but while casting to a fourth I noticed the rod seemed a little wobbly. When I struck the fish the rod definitely bent in an uneven arc. On inspection I discovered that the ferrule joining the



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two sections of the rod had cracked. The graphite nemesis had struck again. This time it wasn't too serious. I simply reinforced the female ferrule with wrapping thread and varnished it. Since that time almost a year has elapsed and the rod has proved itself on a number of fish, including a 14-pound permit, with no further trouble. More important, it has become my favorite outfit.

But I have not become a zealot of graphite. First, they are fragile when compared with the present generation of glass rods. A nick that would do little harm in the comparatively thick wall of a glass blank is often enough to collapse a graphite rod. Then, too, a good fiber-glass fly rod sells for around \$50, but its graphite equivalent runs three to four times as high. In time the price will probably come down as more and more manufacturers produce the graphite blanks, but right now the angler who has to check the tag may have trouble justifying the price relative to the performance. And as more companies enter the field the buyer will be at the mercy of the manufacturer in another respect. Obviously, a rod with a surface nick in its black finish should be avoided, but there is no way to spot internal flaws (graphite rods are composed of strands of the material running longitudinally, and damage to these long strands is thought to be the primary cause of breakage) and in the end the reputation of the manufacturer is about all one can go on.

From my own experience I feel the fly-casting neophyte is likely to be most vulnerable to what may be excessive praise for graphite, although spinning rods, bait-casting and even surf-casting rods are also now available in graphite. The stiffness of a graphite blank will immediately add distance to an unskilled fly-fisherman's cast, but it is likely to come at the expense of timing, and in the end this type of shortcut cannot be justified. Despite a lot of publicity saying just the opposite, my experience has been that a good fly-caster will seldom achieve greater distance with graphite than with glass, but he will find that the degree of effort required to get the same results is substantially reduced, and that can be a substantial benefit.

At this stage I consider a graphite rod something of an indulgence and one in which the level of the angler's skill should be realistically appraised before he takes the plunge.

END



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King County Stadium, alias the Kingdome, hosted its very first sports event last Friday night and it was an occasion for Seattle to savor. They sold \$1.25 burritos (meat pies), \$1.50 "Orleans hot links" (with corn pone) and \$1.50 Kingdogs. They also sold a pre-season North American Soccer League match between the New York Cosmos, starring Pelé, and the Seattle Sounders, featuring a bunch of Britishers, to 58,128 fans, the biggest crowd ever to see a soccer game in the U.S.

The crowd might have been larger still except for three things: the SuperSonics were playing the NBA champion Golden State Warriors two miles away at the Coliseum before a packed house of 14,096; the Sonics game was also on home television; and no more people could have been squeezed into the Kingdome anyway because approximately 5,000 seats had not yet been installed. Local spirits were not particularly dampened when Pelé—who else?—scored the first goal or even when New York eventually won the match 3-1.

The newness of the domed stadium, the appeal of being on hand for its first sporting event and the promise of seeing Pelé did nothing to hurt the gate, of course, but the fact is that Seattle right now is insatiably hungry for pro sports. The Sonics, who have clinched a spot in the playoffs, regularly sell out the Coliseum and the Kingdome will be the setting for a few playoff games. The new NFL Seahawks, who start operations this fall, sold an incredible 59,000 season tickets in two weeks. And major league baseball returns next year.

The Sounders, beginning their third season in the 10-year-old NASL, have done an excellent job of promotion. They used to play home games in little Memorial Stadium near the Space Needle and sold all 17,925 seats for the final four games last year. Their offensive star is Geoff Hurst, who 10 years ago scored three goals in England's World Cup victory over West Germany. The defensive ace is Mike England, who is Welsh. At the moment, he is busy helping Cardiff get back into the English League's second division and has not yet joined his U.S. team.

The Cosmos have been showing off their magical Pelé all over the country—San Diego, San Antonio, Phoenix, etc.—happily supplying him with jerseys to give away. It seems that once he was al-

In a Kingdome by the sea

A record U.S. soccer crowd showed up in Seattle's new blood-and-guts arena for its first sporting event, and Pelé gave the folks a show

most strangled when a fan tried to rip off his jersey, so he started taking them off right after matches and parting with them voluntarily. He has given away about 140 since joining New York last season.

The Cosmos played in Honolulu Wednesday night, beating Honda of Japan 5-0, and Pelé put on one of his marvelous shows, scoring four goals, three of them in a 15-minute span in the second half. He said it was the 31st time in his career that he had scored four goals in a match. One of the Honolulu goals he called his best ever, which would mean better than any of the other 1,200 or so.

From the left of the goal, blocked off by two defenders (Pelé is double- and triple-teamed constantly), he kicked the ball over their heads with his heel, ran around them and stopped the ball with his chest. Then, from a difficult angle, he booted it past the goalie into the net.

There are 10 other men who take the pitch with Pelé, of course, and some of them are very good. The top newcomer

is David Clements, captain of Northern Ireland's team. The Cosmos also have two of Pelé's teammates from Santos of Brazil, young Midfielder Nelsi Moraes and Peruvian Midfielder Ramon Miflin. American Bob Rigby, who played college soccer at East Stroudsburg State, has developed into one of the league's better goalies.

The Sounders were obviously hurt on defense by the absence of England and the newness of their young Canadian goalie, Tony Churiky, but on Friday night their offense wasn't exactly hurting, either. One trouble was that Hurst and a few others only arrived in Seattle the previous weekend and the team was not cohesive yet. For most of the match the Sounders were kicking the ball to each other instead of to open spaces and letting their mates run to the ball.

New York scored two quick goals, one by Pelé on a free kick and one by Clements that glanced off the left post and into the net, and that was enough to win. Se-

continued



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SOCCER *continues*

attle closed the gap to 2-1 on a header by Assistant Coach Jim Gabriel, but Pelé scored on another free kick with less than four minutes to go to ice the match.

As brilliant and exuberant as Pelé was, the star of the evening was the stadium itself. The Kingdome is an unadorned gray hulk squatting just a few blocks south of America's original "skid road," Yesler Way, and the Pioneer Square historical district. The building cost \$66.2 million, which figures out to \$1,018 per seat, half what it cost to put a seat in the Superdome in New Orleans. Kingdome not only doesn't have a coat of paint on its exterior but also very few frills on the interior—no cushioned seats, no exploding scoreboard, no private boxes furnished like a seraglio.

The seats may be hard, but very few of them afford a bad view. The Telescreen may be dim, but at least it doesn't spoil anyone's view of the field as the screens at the Superdome do. And there are folks in Seattle who are happy with the Kingdome's drab concrete and brutalist-style architecture. A lively local weekly called, originally enough, *The Weekly*, seemed quite fond already of the stadium's unromantic ramps and ventilator shafts. "The Kingdome is a blood-and-guts sports arena, pure and simple," said the paper, "a fitting addition to a city built by longshoremen and lumberjacks."

There were surprisingly few snafus for an opening night, perhaps because the Kingdome had already been through a gala entertainment opening a couple of weeks earlier. The burritos were hot if a bit too doughy. People who found that the seats they had bought had not yet been installed were quickly put into comparable seats that the Sounders' management had set aside for that purpose. No chunks of reinforced concrete plummeted to the plastic sod. The politicians kept their speeches short. And the expected traffic jam outside never developed, although crowds of people were still waiting at nearby bus stops long after the match was over.

One minor disappointment was that Pelé left the pitch with his green Cosmos shirt still on his back and apparently didn't give it to anyone. The Sounders' management decided next day to send for it so that it can be enshrined in the sports museum that will soon be installed on the Kingdome's second level. One hopes that it will remain unwashed, to suit a brutalist blood-and-guts arena. **END**



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Religion in



Sport

Sunday has become a day of games rather than worship, but churchmen are adapting. They now take faith into locker rooms and put hope in a 'Jocks for Jesus' movement. A three-part series by FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED



The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

—PSALMS 104:21

It seems just like any other college basketball game. The gym is well filled with students and alumni, and a pep band is accompanying some pretty cheerleaders who wear pleated skirts and saddle shoes and wave pompons for the home team. The visitors are not well represented. They have taken the date for a guarantee of only \$350, a fifth of what another team would demand. They are accompanied only by a handful of rooters and the word of God. The visitors have come to play and preach.

They are down four at the half. The home team, Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, departs for its locker room, there to rest and to drink in new strategies. The visitors, Athletes In Action, do not leave the floor. Instead, they retire to their bench and put on snappy sweat suits of immaculate white, with red and blue trim, the name of the organization embroidered above the numbers, USA below them. Athletes In Action stands for Christ and country alike, and its founder, Dave Hannah, not only desires that the players represent a God-fearing America but that they become the finest amateur team upon the earth. It is Hannah's view, and the prevailing one in these Christian precincts, that infidels will not listen to losers. The AIA wrestling team was the 1975 national champion. The most powerful AIA basketball unit, the one playing Loyola, beat one Top Ten college team last season and played others to the wire. It finished the year 30-7-8, all road games, and won the national AAU title. It hardly matters that God in His wisdom has not seen fit to bless AIA with any good big guards.

In a moment, four of the AIA players arise, and with their coach, Bill Oates, move to a microphone set up at the far end of the gym. Oates explains that his men will tell the crowd about "the most fantastic Individual the world has ever known." Dave Lower, a skinny substitute, leads off. The theme of his two-minute talk is that "God loves and accepts us just as we are." The fans—those who have not already shuffled out for Cokes—listen in grudging silence at first, but quickly grow dubious or bored with the pitch and begin to chatter among themselves. Soon, it is difficult to hear the message. Irv Kiffin, the best Athletes In Action player this evening, speaks next, reminding the listeners of Romans 6:23—"The wages of sin is death."

Tim Hall, a 6' 8" forward who played at Colorado State, follows, but over the rising crowd murmurs his words are almost lost, and when the Loyola team comes back onto the floor, the first player dribbles right past the speakers and shoots a practice layup before, embarrassed, he realizes that he is intruding on something. Nonplussed, Hall

goes on, informing the crowd that he has seen a goodly number of collegians "turn to alcohol, to hard drugs or simply to a carefree way of life." He says that he found Jesus Christ instead.

John Sears is the clean-up speaker. Each game a different set of AIA players "disciple," the most forceful and articulate being saved for last. Sears is in his third year with Athletes In Action. He is 26, married, and has two small children. On the court he is a front-line reserve of little distinction, but at 6' 7", 215, he is lean and rugged, a magnificently handsome man, and at least now the women in the audience pay attention, if for the wrong reasons. Sears sums up and offers a prayer. Politely, heads are lowered, kind of. "Thank you, Jesus, for coming into my life," he says.

When the crowd looks up, Mike Gratzke, the assistant coach, has taken over the microphone. He asks the spectators to fill out comment cards. These are passed out by young volunteers who carry them (and, thoughtfully, pencils) in Kentucky Fried Chicken tubs. On the cards are boxes to check. For example, "I would like more information on



how I can grow in my Christian faith." This knowledge is available and will be sent through the mail. Last year 125,000 people used these cards.

The second half begins and, despite having two starters out with ankle sprains, AIA catches Loyola and wins in the final three minutes. Maybe the fans would have listened to the message more attentively at halftime if AIA had been ahead then, too. "We need to win to command respect," John Sears says. But he goes on to emphasize that he could see some people watching him intently when he spoke; a few, he suggested, appeared so interested that he thought they might take Christ into their lives straightaway. He adds that the speakers are paid much better attention in the Midwest and South.

Dave Lower comes into the locker room and, truly excited, says that someone has just informed him that a man who watched AIA play tonight "saw Christ in every one of us." The players are obviously moved by this news. Coach Oates suggests they pray.

The men speak up, one by one; heads are bowed. The thoughts are genuine, spontaneous, even disarming. "Father," each begins. The first player thanks Him for the coach, for his guidance. Next, the coach thanks Him for the team, for its noble character. The manager asks His forgiveness for getting upset at an official's call. Another player prays that the injured ankles be quickly healed. Another prays that their halftime message was accepted. Another says, "And, Father, thank you for the win." It puts AIA at 11-4 for the year.

It is regularly said (if a bit too easily) that sport has become the religion of America. This is a glib appraisal, and probably no more accurate than Marx' equally facile assessment of religion, that it is "the opiate of the people." The claim that sport has developed into a national faith may be linked to the nagging awareness that something has happened to Sunday. With all the other cultural revolutions in the country, the Sunday revolution has been overlooked, but it has been as thoroughgoing as any.

Throughout American history, going back to Cotton Mather and beyond, Sunday was tightly structured and well defined as a day of peace: worship in the morning, then a heavy meal, leavened with the fellowship of the entire family, followed by rest and rumination. In *Ragtime*, the best-selling novel set at the turn of the century, E. L. Doctorow has selected Sunday to evoke the mood for the era. In his first paragraph, he writes, "On Sunday afternoon, after dinner, Father and Mother went upstairs and closed the bedroom door. Grandfather fell asleep on the divan in the parlor. The Little Boy in the sailor blouse sat on the screened porch and waved away the flies." Forty years later the Japanese chose Sunday as our soft underbelly. It became a Hollywood cliché to show the scene when the main characters learned of Pearl Harbor—the family was always in the living room, knitting, perusing the funny papers, playing dominoes and whatnot. Grandfather was dozing on the divan. Thus, for our first 300 years, was Sunday, the Lord's day.

If Pearl Harbor came now, in 1976, where would people congregate



Tim Hall is an Athlete in Action, crusading at halftime, after which the group's volunteers solicit interest in the stands.



Redskin Cheyenne Tom Sawyer counsels Tight End Alvin Reed before a game, but at Notre Dame a priest can't find room in a prayer huddle.

learn of it? On the tennis court, at a bar watching Demolition Derby on CBS, at the arena? There is no time for the family or for lunch. Grandfather is in front of his Sony, with a take-out Whopper, French fries and a six-pack, screaming his fool head off because he gave 6½ and took the Oilers. After three centuries, Sunday changed overnight. Have we forgotten that until very recently baseball never dared play Sunday night games lest they conflict with vespers? Coincidence or not, the last great religious boom in America came in the mid-1950s, and the decline in church attendance, which set in thereafter, took place just as pro football, the Sunday game, became the passion of the land.

Now, the trip out of the house on Sunday is not to visit a church, but to see a game or to play one. At most Roman Catholic churches, where regular attendance traditionally is highest, convenient Saturday afternoon services are now featured so that communicants can get in a full 18 holes the next morning before returning home for the NBA Game of the Week. At Notre Dame these Saturday masses have become especially popular on game days, sort of the second half of a doubleheader.

So the churches have ceded Sunday to sports, to games. But we should not be deceived; that really is not a good indication of the popularity of religion or its place in the U.S. It is just that games deflected prayer in the battle for a day, and that should not come as a surprise, inasmuch as religion does not televise nearly as well as golf and only slightly better than ice hockey. It does not follow that since sport has won Sunday, we have embraced a form of temporal worship. Indeed, the more sport is proclaimed our religion, the more people in sport seem to be seeking religion. If anything, sport is less inspirational, less spiritual than ever before. Is God dead? Well, whatever His present status, the gods of sweat have definitely expired. Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey and the others in that pantheon were the subjects of childlike idolatry.

Donald Cutler, an Episcopal rector who is also a New York literary agent, says, "Sport in America is more secular than ever. The talk is of money, contracts, litigation. How do you worship something like that? Put your faith in a team that will be in another city next year? I grew up living and dying with the Pittsburgh Pirates, listening to re-created games on the radio. Sport had stability then, and one could dare to identify with teams and players. That's gone. The innocence is gone, the glory. There is nothing in the experience to lift us up, no heroes to idolize. Hank Aaron a hero? Roger Maris? Arnold Palmer was the last epic hero in sport, I suppose. Jack Nicklaus is merely a money-winner. That is what we have left: money-winners. And you do not worship those."

And yet, as the American reverence for the saints of sport declines, religion itself has increasingly become a handmaiden to sport. Clergymen are standing in line to cater to the spiritual needs of the deprived athletic elite, and the use of athletes as amateur evangelists is so widespread that it might be fairly described as a growth industry. "Jocks for Jesus" is what *The Wittenburg Door*, an acerbic contemporary religious magazine, derisively calls the movement. "Who gives these people authority but the pagan world in which we

live?" asks the magazine, its cover adorned with an athletic supporter festooned with a cross. But Jocks for Jesus is booming. It is almost as if a new denomination had been created: Sportianity. While Christian churches struggle with problems of declining attendance, falling contributions and now even reduction in membership, Sportianity appears to be taking off.

Today every major league baseball and football team—all 50 of them—holds Sunday chapel services, home and away. Many teams have their own ministers. Pat Jantomaso, a Red Sox chapel speaker, who lives in Boca Raton, Fla. but joins the team virtually every Sunday on the road, says, "Many are caring for down-and-outers, but I decided to minister to up-and-outers." Sunday services are also held in sports as varied as stock-car racing and golf. In many cases, week-night Bible classes have been started up so that wives may participate.

Athletes In Action has 250 full-time staff men (domestic missionaries, really). Eight are assigned to large cities where their only job is to minister to the pro athletes. Athletes In Action deploys two proselyting basketball teams, two wrestling teams, plus squads in gymnastics, track and weight lifting. With the AIA teams, the major thrust is toward the colleges. Says Greg Hicks, a 1974 national AAU wrestling champion and an AIA assistant athletic director, "We believe in a real soft sell. As an athlete, I can get into a fraternity, a locker room, where nobody else would be permitted."

Sports Ambassadors is an overseas equivalent of the AIA. Since 1952, "in a world gone berserk with sports," it has sent basketball and baseball teams into more than 40 countries in Europe, the Orient, Africa and Central and South America, playing and preaching under the organization's name or Venture For Victory. A newcomer in the field is the basketball team known as News Release, which carries its pray-for-play ministry to Europe, even behind the Iron Curtain.

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes, which is the patriarch of Sportianity, does not subsidize teams, but uses older athletes to bring younger ones to Christ, mainly at summer sports camps (\$110 a week) and in high school group sessions known as "Huddles." The FCA's annual budget is \$2.2 million, and its president, John Erickson, refers to it as a "para-church."

For years, some coaches who are not members have complained that the Fellowship—which bills itself as the "muscle and action" of Christianity—operates as a powerful lobby when one of its member coaches is up against an outsider for a job. As a result, there are coaches who feel that they have to protect themselves by signing on as FCA members. "It's like getting a union card," says one. "If you don't join, some coaches in the Fellowship will bad-mouth you with kids they're recruiting, tell 'em you're a drunk or your marriage is breaking up. I know, because kids I've recruited told me."

Another substantial organization, Pro Athletes Outreach, was founded largely as an intramural peace-keeping force because the plants of Sportianity, AIA and FCA, were squabbling so indecorously over enlisting the best mission-

continued

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ary athletes. It was an outgrowth of Sports World Chaplaincy, Inc. but is now a thriving operation with an annual budget of \$250,000, and it sends phalanxes of pros off on what it calls "speaking blitzes" of the U.S. The PAO stars also entertain with flag football games, tugs-of-war, wrist-wrestling and other fun games.

The movement has grown so that it has even spawned a think tank, the Institute for Athletic Perfection, which formulates dogma for athletic religion. Moreover, the presses of Sportunity are flooding the market with pamphlets, books, newsletters, magazines, even comic books and films (*A Man & His Men*, featuring Tom Landry. . . . "The thrill of victory, the agony of defeat, the impact of a Christian life"). Athletes In Action sends out taped vignettes and interviews that have been played on more than 150 radio stations. It established a national television network for its top basketball team this past season, with John Wooden make-side.

Sport and religion were not total strangers before all this began. Billy Sunday, the turn-of-the-century evangelist, was a reformed weak-hitting major league outfielder. Dr. James Naismith was a seminarian before he invented basketball at the YMCA. C. T. Studd, a millionaire British missionary, was the progenitor of groups like Athletes In Action. Studd was a great cricket player who agreed to make a tour of army garrisons in India if he could preach after his innings. And remember Deacon Dan Towler? The Vaulting Vicar, Bob Richards? The House of David baseball team? Other athletes went on to the ministry when their playing days were done: Albie Pearson, Donn Moormaw, Henry Carr. Bill Glass, the former All-Pro end, is now one of the nation's top evangelists. Jerry Lucas, whose previous enterprises included fast food and magic, has opened up Memory Ministries, a nonprofit organization that will instruct the nimble-minded, for a \$20 fee, in memorizing all 89 chapters of the four Gospels. Lucas' new book, *Remember The Word*, has sold almost 60,000 copies.

But religion rarely intruded into sport in the past except in the occasional instance of a player who refused to perform on a holy day—Sandy Koufax was probably the most famous and most recent. Hank Greenberg was another. But Cassius Clay's conversion to the Black Muslims provoked a *cause célèbre* in sport. Later, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar found his life endangered when he was caught in the middle of an interdenominational Muslim war. Alvin Dark—"Preacher Dark" and "Sister Dark" to Charles Finley—lost his job as manager of Finley's A's in large part for taking to a pulpit and suggesting that his boss would go to hell if he didn't let Christ enter his heart. A few Muslims claim that certain Jewish basketball owners have blackballed some of them because of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Some teams, notably the 1974 Kansas City Chiefs, have been disrupted by overzealous God Squad members trying to push hellfire and brimstone on the whole team.

That religion should suddenly be a factor in sport while its influence elsewhere is declining is not the paradox it seems. Certain members of the religious community have quite openly set out to mine athletics. The belief in these ecclesiastical pockets is that athletes need special spiritual as-

sistance, that they are especially vulnerable to preaching and, finally and most important, that they are ideal instruments to be used in bringing others into the fold. Addressing the Cincinnati Reds at chapel at Fenway Park during the World Series last October, the Rev. Billy Zeoli, the biggest individual star in Sportunity, told the players, "I hope you have a concept of how much you affect people, how they look up to you. Let me remind you that your national influence on youth is greater than that of any single pastor, priest or rabbi."

Arlis Priest, the head of Pro Athletes Outreach, is convinced that athletes can strongly influence moral and religious life in the United States. Among the sincere, dedicated men in athletic religion, surely none is more sincere or dedicated than Priest. Converted in a foxhole in France ("Every man I saw die talked about mother or God"), Priest is known as Uncle Arlis to the 90 or so NFL players who form the heart of his organization. Priest was a baseball aspirant before World War II, good enough to merit a Double A tryout; afterward, he was a successful real estate broker before giving his life over to the lay ministry. Now gray-haired and distinguished, he is a dead ringer for Harry Reasoner. At PAO headquarters near Phoenix, Priest speaks evenly, almost dispassionately, but there is conviction and emotion in what he says. He explains how athletes are crucial to saving America:

"We're losing. We've lost our perspective, turning to drugs, free sex—and did you know there are now 26,000 suicides a year? And here we are, more blessed than any nation in the history of the world. Do we really think we're that much smarter that we can turn away from God? Well, professional athletes can reach the people who want to find God, who want to be Christians, but don't know how to. Particularly the young people—they'll listen to athletes. Pros have the right background. Why, they're probably the most disciplined group of people left in this country. They're dedicated, they're taught to play as part of a team, and they're willing to pay the price. This is what we need in America."

"Two years from now I expect to have half the professional athletes as Christians. Yes, half. I will be disappointed if we don't have half. And then, as Romans 1:16 says, the power is in the Gospel, and it is the athletes in our society who can best carry that message."

Like Priest, virtually all the leaders in the Christian athletic movement are fundamentalist. Organizations such as the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and Athletes In Action are studiously nondenominational, and even the individual stalwarts, ministers like Zeoli and Tom Skinner (who is associated with the Washington Redskins), avoid mentioning their particular church affiliation. Evangelistic Catholicism has been under steam for almost a decade, and this has helped bring Roman Catholic recruits from that wing of the church into Sportunity—Mike McCoy of the Green Bay Packers is one Catholic invariably cited. But the sense and thrust of the movement still comes from the Bible Belt.

The Bible is to be taken literally. The message is simple, all or nothing; there is no truck with intellectualizing, the

continued

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Religion in Sport

appeal is gut. It does not seem surprising that football—authoritarian, even militaristic—is the sport at the heart of the movement. The pregame football chapel services are important not so much because they take place on the Sabbath, but because they take place on a game day, when the players are sky high and emotionally exposed. A pro star who once was active in Sportianity but left in disgust says, "Why do you think this simplistic type of religion appeals to athletes? Because you're talking to people who operate primarily with their bodies, not their minds."

Roy Hildebrand was a pop singer who had one big hit (*Hey Paula*) before he gave up show business to work for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He has had all the spotlights he ever wanted and so is not awed by hotshot athletes. As a matter of fact, the best way to preach to athletes, to hold their limited attention, is with show-biz flypaper. "The pros have got so much flash themselves," Hildebrand says, "that the only way you're going to impress them is to throw flash at them. You got to come on strong, joking, and then you give them what we call 'three points and a poem'—No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 and a simple little rhyme to wrap it up for 'em." Hildebrand smiles and shakes his head at this foolishness. "Sometimes I'll even wear one of those silly shirts."

Being essentially fundamentalist, the movement draws its strength from the South and the rural areas of the nation where that type of theology has thrived. Despite its growth and clout, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes has failed to make inroads into the more sophisticated areas of the nation. There are now 1,600 high school Huddles in the U.S., but only a dozen of these—8% of the total—are located in the Northeast, where 15% of the population resides. The FCA is hardly more successful in California. The bulk of the Huddles are found in the South, Southwest and Midwest, and most of the stars who participate in the program were brought up in those areas, in white, middle-class environs.

The FCA has sought to broaden its reach but has failed, in large part because in the more urban (and allegedly liberal) sections of the nation, school officials often seem intimidated by laws concerned with the separation of church and

state. Because it is a religious organization, the FCA has been denied access to some schools. Those in Sportianity consider this "discriminatory" and absurd—as preposterous as viewing registered Democrats and Republicans as agents of political prejudice. There have been instances when the PAO speaking caravan has been permitted into a school auditorium and allowed to address students, but only if the players promised not to use any names. Accordingly, they say things like: "My life was changed by"—and here they offer a longing look skyward—"by someone whose name I can't mention in school."

The fundamentalist sweep into sport is relatively new. Previously, only Roman Catholics exploited athletics, using football and basketball teams to attract students and funds and attention to parochial institutions that were broke and often academically inferior as well. The classic example is Notre Dame.

Father James Riehl, the chaplain of the Notre Dame athletic department, says, "Of course Catholic schools used athletics for prestige. Notre Dame would not be the great school it is today, the great academic institution, were it not for football. But the emphases have changed here. I think that now we realize the value of sport in more ways than just the financial, whereas I'm afraid once we didn't."

The famous upset of Army by Notre Dame in 1913, when Knute Rockne (a Protestant then, but who knew?) trundled out a secret weapon known as the forward pass, had broad religious implications. Football had been an upper-class WASP sport played by the moneyed few in the Northeast. They had adapted the game from English soccer. In contrast, baseball was an American original, and urban immigrants, who were predominantly Catholic, took to it precisely because it was all-American and was not at all British. Major league baseball was limited pretty much to those large cities with heavy Catholic populations, while college football thrived and became preeminent in the more homogeneous Protestant sections of the country, particularly the South and Southwest.

So the Irish of Notre Dame used football to move up in the academic community in the same way that the lace-curtain Irish used politics to ascend in

society. The Notre Dame example was followed by other Catholic schools, but in 1976 only the Irish and Boston College remain in the football big time. Because Catholic colleges were chiefly located downtown, with limited physical and financial resources, they eventually were forced to drop football and concentrate on basketball.

The Catholic emphasis on this sport continues despite a more recent phenomenon—basketball's increasing domination by blacks. Since relatively few blacks are Roman Catholic, parochial schools have had to recruit outside the faith if they wished to remain competitive. Nowadays, at many schools the student body is 90% or more Catholic but the basketball squad is virtually non-Catholic. Catholic academicians do not see any hypocrisy in this policy, equating it with a state-supported school recruiting out-of-state players.

Because of this de-Catholicization of Catholic teams, it is now rare to see a player crossing himself before shooting a free throw. It may not be frivolous to suggest that this practice was responsible for a goodly share of the anti-Catholic sentiment in the land. Jack Kennedy might have won by a landslide in 1960 but for the fact that Catholics were, at that time, still crossing themselves before shooting free throws. No matter what devout reasons Catholics had for making the sign, non-Catholics (Protestants especially) were always convinced that, deep down, the free-throw shooter was asking God to curl it in for him.

Says Father Charles Riepe, rector of the Cathedral of Mary Our Queen in Baltimore and president of John Carroll School, "It's much to the good that the practice has largely disappeared. We had one kid here a couple years ago, a very bright, sophisticated boy, too, who was crossing himself before foul shots. I took him aside and suggested, as nicely as possible, that it might be wise to drop that. If you want to cross yourself, I told him, it's the kind of thing you can do in private before a game—and really, once beforehand should be quite sufficient to cover all the eventualities in both halves. Besides, as I also told him," Father Riepe adds, laughing, "it looks awful when you do blow a free throw. Then it appears that God really does have it in for you and John Carroll."

The de-mythification of sport, leading to the demise of the hero, may be a major reason why fundamentalists have taken the ball from the Roman Catholics. In the palmy days of yore, when order reigned over innocent games, sport was uplifting and a glorious celebration, like the mass. Sport and the church both stood for authority; the reserve clause was no more to be challenged than meatless Fridays. Heroes were larger than life, canonized as athletic saints, a comfortable adjunct to the church's own hagiology. The Roman church has always been perturbed by sex, and for its male adolescents, joining a team was considered the next best thing to a vow of celibacy. As long as budding young ladies could be kept in what the sisters called "Mary-like" clothes, and growing boys could be kept shagging flies and shooting set shots, nobody would have time to think impure thoughts, much less do impure things to one another. Anyway, that was the idea.

Even today, arbitrary pregame football team rites are heavily laced with Catholic taboo and mysticism. Dr. William Arens, the anthropologist, compares these peculiar ceremonial group devotions to "the exotic rituals of a newly discovered tribe." The belief that sex should be avoided before a game, the determination to keep the players segregated (ideally, watching action movies), the participation in a final meal together (a shared communion of good red beef)—all this is highly analogous to churchy concepts.

Still, it is not football but organized baseball that has the most Roman Catholic trappings. With its grand traditions, its constancy, its statistical litany, baseball could be neatly comprehended by the church—and it was. The baseball hierarchy does not take civil government as its model, but has an ecclesiastical design, beginning with the commissioner-pope, who is elected by the owners-cardinals, right on down to the farm-pensioners—indeed, the word fan is derived from "fanatic." The Baseball Hall of Fame closely approximates a Catholic shrine, which, of course, is exactly what it is called.

How ever deep their involvement with athletics, Catholics have always looked upon them as a diversion, rather like Tuesday night Bingo in the parish hall. Certainly, sport was never viewed as any

continued

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sort of vehicle for conversion; athletics had nothing to do with theology. Football made Notre Dame a top-notch school, but the fact that Notre Dame was Catholic was quite incidental. If an athlete wants to play on the team, fine, give him the ball and never mind what he does with his Sunday mornings, if the best coach we can get is Protestant and Ara Parseghian wants the job, hire him. To Catholics, sport might be important, but it was never churchy. The clearest embodiment of Catholic athletic philosophy was the late Father Tom Brennan of Notre Dame. A serious theologian, a man of intellect, he could also serve as pastor to young Irish athletes. He was a fine athlete himself and a whimsical man who enjoyed dry martinis, which would sometimes lead to his conducting telephone conversations (presumably imaginary) with the devil. Sport appealed to Father Brennan—its joy, its fellowship and just because it could be so exciting. He liked to sit on the Irish bench, and he did not always agree with the way officials saw matters. One night, in Evansville, he began riding a referee. He got on the poor fellow pretty hard, but the referee was reluctant to call a technical on a priest. In exasperation, he came over to Father Brennan, shook a finger at him and said, "Come on, Father, you call the Mass, and I'll call the game." Catholics still roar appreciatively at this tale.

In contrast to the Catholic attitude, the Sportians, humorless and persevering, appear to be attracted to sport as an evangelical device that can be used baldly and also because, as an institution, sport is going to hell just like the rest of the country. All the talk in sport is cynical—of money, money, money, drugs and camp followers, dissension and dissatisfaction. Sin! Today's best-known white athlete is Joe Namath, whose womanizing and drinking are broadly publicized. It is said that his celebrated example provided some of the impetus for the Sportian movement.

Sportians are out to save sport by saving athletes. Once they are converted, they are cast as neo-crusaders. The field is to be an altar, the game a sacrifice. Paul Neumann, a Sports Ambassadors official who was a first-rate NBA player for several years, says, "A Christian is always keyed up before a game because he knows he is playing for his *real* coach."

Alvin Dark goes further, suggesting everything he does is for the glory of Jesus Christ. In the sermon in which he revealed Charlie Finley's fiery future, Dark also said, "The more we read the Bible, the more we begin to turn our lives over to the Lord. For example, I gave the Lord my golf game. When I dedicated my life . . . one of the first things I did was turn my golf game over to the Lord."

Jesus has been transformed, emerging anew as a holler guy, a hustler, a greiv-it-100-percenter. While students of the new religion glumly acknowledge that has only known athletic performance was throwing the moneychangers out of the temple, Jesus' sad, desperate last hours have become a kind of Super Bowl. Wes Neal, previously with AIA, left that organization to set up the Institute for Athletic Perfection in Prescott, Ariz. He has become an accepted theoretician for the movement; the pamphlets published by the institute are handed out by many Sportian groups.

The new image of Jesus, the blue-chipper, is set forth in a Neal tract entitled *Total Release Performance*, which refers to the brand of ball that Jesus played on the cross: "It was another situation that would reveal his winning character. . . . At any point Jesus could have turned back from His mission, but He was a *winner*!" To prove that Jesus had guts, the physical effects of being crucified are described in gory detail. Apparently, this is to shame athletes into competing more intently, whatever their injuries, their limitations or frame of mind. The crucifixion becomes an athletic sacrament, and athletes are asked to be martyrs. Without equivocation, the Institute lists as "sin" such things as "failure to reach maximum athletic potential" and "fear of an opponent."

Clearly, the trickiest thing in mixing religion with sport is the matter of asking God for victory. It is a no-no to do so, but, unfortunately, it is quite common for athletes to get carried away and to pray precisely for that. "He's just an overly enthusiastic baby Christian," Billy Zeoli, the inspirational chapel speaker, said after a pro football player came flat-out in pregame prayers and asked Jesus to give his team a win. "Please don't get on him." Zeoli, however, felt it was unnecessary to discuss the impropriety of a victory prayer with the player. The line

can be a fine one. When Kermit Zarley, one of the outspoken Christians on the PGA tour, won the Canadian Open a few years ago, he credited his success to God for having found him a new driver. Now, if that was not quite like saying that God hit tee shots for Kermit Zarley, the implication was clear that Zarley won the Canadian Open because God hung around pro shops with him when he was hunting for new clubs. Regrettably, whatever Sportianity is trying to project, the public often has another impression. Most viewers believe that teams assembling for a televised prayer after a victory are Pharisees, thanking God, paying Him off for getting them another big one in the W column. A poll of young Christian athletes, teen-agers who have been specifically instructed by the movement, asked, "What does it mean to be a Christian athlete?" The response most often received was, "To have God on my side." Jesus, it seems, is coming across as the next best thing to a home-court advantage.

At the same time, no one in the movement advises athletes to pray for victory. On the contrary, the try ethic, epitomized by Christ's Total Release Performance at Gethsemane on Maundy Thursday, is almost universally taught. The message is virtually the same all over: try your hardest, and then, win or lose, you will not be in conflict with Christian tenets. The favorite scripture comes from Paul, who is heard so regularly that he has become rather like the Curt Gowdy of Sportianity—and not only because both tend to get windy. The essence of Paul's endorsement of competition and Total Release Performance is found in 1 Corinthians 9:24, which quotes him thus in a modern paraphrase text of the New Testament: "Surely you know that in a race all the runners take part in it, but only one of them wins the prize. Run, then, in such a way as to win the prize." Also cited regularly are Paul's familiar words from 2 Timothy 4:7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Unfortunately, Paul's most direct statement about athletics (1 Timothy 4:7-8) does not fit in Sportianity, so it is never quoted: "... exercise thyself rather unto godliness. For bodily exercise profiteth little."

Malcolm Boyd, Episcopal priest and author of the best-seller *Are You Run-*

continued

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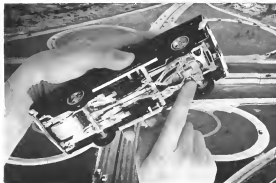
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Religion in Sport *continued*

aug *With Me, Jesus?*, replies to the try ethic, "If you're into triumphalism as a theory, then it follows that the important thing to you is to win, even if you camouflage that by saying that you're merely trying. You feel that God is on your side. You may not pray those words, but you can't tell me it's not in your heart—whether it's Vietnam we're talking about or Ohio State."

"Who was that swimmer—you know, the Olympic guy? Yes, right—Mark Spitz. Isn't that funny how quickly we've forgotten him? I'll tell you why—I'll tell you when he lost all respect: at the very instant he reached his peak, when he crawled out of the water after his last gold medal and said he never wanted to swim again."

"What is the point of swimming, of doing anything, just for the sake of trying to win? Certainly, Jesus didn't want that, and it is audacious for these guys to say it. In Gethsemane, and there hanging on the cross, Jesus didn't ask to win. In fact, his thoughts turned to the needs of others."

"Besides, I've had enough of this trying nonsense. I've seen so many kids wounded by it. It is this kind of trying, the kind that this athletic religion teaches, which is killing off so many men, leaving widows. It is very dangerous right now to be trying harder. It is making us more machinelike instead of more human. We'd do better to learn how not to try so."

The Sportians stick close to a you-and-Jesus, one-on-one theology. "Don't allow your group to stray too far off course from the Christ theme," the FCA advises its leaders (Tip No. 5). Don Cutler disagrees with the movement's lack of social concern: "If the New Testament says anything, it is that this man poured Himself out for you, and now it is your responsibility to pour yourself out for others. It is not a question of His taking care of you, whatever—your having no obligations other than signing up for the big Christian team."

Sadly, lost in the shuffle, in the competition for dotted-line converts (sign here, raise your hand, send for literature), is sport itself. In the process of dozens of interviews with people in Sportianity, not one even remotely suggested any direct effort was being considered to improve the morality of athletics. An ac-

continued

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Religion in Sport

tive churchman, who has long been involved in pro sport, says, "The trouble with these people is that they worship sport as much as they do Jesus. They are so thrilled to be working with hothead stars that they can see nothing wrong with athletics. They don't want to. I'm afraid that it is not religion that has come into sport, but athletic groupies."

More than a decade ago a deeply religious pitcher named Allan Worthington protested that he would quit the Chicago White Sox unless the club stopped stealing opponents' signals by illegal means. Since that time players in all leagues have struck righteously for more money, more benefits, more power. But not until five months ago, when Bobby Hull refused to suit up for a hockey game in protest against the violence in his sport and in fear that someone might be killed, has a single player dared put himself publicly on the line against something he considered ethically remiss.

Sportsworld casts stones at players like Joe Namath for personal behavior. Dave Hannah of Athletics In Action is still angry that Lance Rentzel was doing work in Sportsworld at a time when he was having deep psychological disturbances; Hannah thinks that Rentzel was inconsiderate in bringing such bad sexual publicity to the movement. But no one in the movement—much less any organization—speaks out against the cheating in sport, against dirty play; no one attacks the evils of recruiting, racism or any of the many other well-known excesses and abuses. Sport owns Sunday now, and religion is content to lease a few minutes before the big games. Religion seems to have become a support force for athletics, like broadcasters, trainers, cheerleaders and ticket-sellers. John Morley, a British statesman, wrote, "Where it is a duty to worship the sun, it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat." As long as it can work the territory, Sportsworld seems prepared to accept athletics as is, more devoted to exploiting sport than to serving it.

NEXT WEEK

For two decades the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, the most prominent organization in Sportsworld, has depended on big-name athletes. Only now is it beginning to question the dubious implications of celebrity evangelism.



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LAST YEAR'S MASTERS

Sir:

Your article on Johnny Miller previewing the Masters (*Johnny Cower Lowly*, April 5) was outstanding. I am pleased you chose Miller, as opposed to Tom Weiskopf or Jack Nicklaus, to show the character and intensity of the pro golfer. Nicklaus is the most consistent golfer ever, but at his best Miller is the best.

GEOFF KAY

Springfield, Va.

Sir:

I do not like golf. I rarely read articles about the sport. However, I read the article on last year's Masters tournament. Sarah Pleggi is to be commended. She took the boredom out of the game.

DAN SCHUCHAT

Washington, D.C.

VARIATIONS ON INDIANA'S VICTORY

Sir:

Oklahoma shattered your cover jinx by winning the national college football championship in spite of your preseason cover and No. 1 prediction.

Indiana won the college basketball championship in spite of a No. 1 rating and two covers, one in the preseason and the other on the eve of the NCAA finals.

Michigan was the victim in each of the title games. You can repay the Wolverines by putting them on your now (apparently) harmless cover next September.

RANDALL J. PETRUSIS

South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

As the developer of the Offense Efficiency Rating system, better known as the OER, I chaired the NCAA final between Indiana and Michigan. After trailing 35-29 at the half, Indiana went on to produce what I believe to be the most awesome half of offensive firepower ever. The Hoosiers scored a mammoth 57 points on 37 possessions for an OER (points per possession) of 1.54. This easily surpasses the first-half rating of 1.32 ppp achieved by Ohio State when it defeated California 75-55 in the 1960 NCAA final.

During its first 26 possessions of the second half of the 1976 classic, Indiana poured an amazing 44 points through the nets for a super OER of 1.69 points for every trip down the floor. And during one stretch of 13 possessions, midway through the half, the Hoosiers burned the nets with 24 points for an almost perfect OER of 1.85 ppp.

Having observed thousands of basketball games and having chaired many hundreds, I would not hesitate to call this the most efficient, best-played half I have ever seen.

PAUL R. KELLER

Delaware, Ohio

Sir:

Every Jan. 2 a few fans take pen in hand to remind the nation of another Big Ten fold. It seems only fair that on this March 30 two Big Ten fans take pen in hand to ask what happened to California and Eastern basketball.

As for Bobby Knight, if there is a better coach we'd like to know who he is.

HENRY HERREMAN

STEVEN SEIDLER

Mishawaka, Ind.

WHAT KENTUCKY BROUGHT HOME

Sir:

Your in-depth look at this year's National Invitation Tournament MVP, Cedric (Combed) Maxwell, and his supporting cast at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte (*What's That Name Again?* March 29), whose fairy tale ended just a bit prematurely, was interesting. Seldom does an unknown rise up and challenge the big boys and survive to tell about it.

My only objection to your NIT coverage is that you failed to recognize the achievement of the champions, the Kentucky Wildcats. Here was a team that had lost four starters to graduation from last year's NCAA runner-up team and then lost its fifth, Rick Robey, to a knee injury midway through the season. Kentucky had a 10-10 record on Feb. 14, and then went on to win 10 consecutive contests, the final one against UNCC.

DAVID B. JOHNSON

Louisville

FOR HOCKEY, IT'S MINNESOTA

Sir:

As a season-ticket holder to the games of two hockey teams in the Twin City area, I was amazed to see that your only mention of the Minnesota Gophers winning the NCAA hockey title was a three-line paragraph in *FOR THE RECORD* (April 5). In the same issue you had a line article on the world curling championship, won by the Hibbing (Minn.) rink (*Howing One for the Skip*). You also had an article earlier in the year about youth hockey in Minnesota. So how can you quit now?

Three players on this year's championship Gopher team have already signed pro con-

tracts, and the best young pro prospect, Reed Larson, is expected to go in the first round of the NHL draft.

FORREST STANFORD

Richfield, Minn.

WORDS TO THE WISE (CONT.)

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Frank Deford's *BOOK TALK* column (March 8) dealing with the omnipresent "you know" (usually pronounced "y'know"). Those of us who teach courses in oral communication are inundated with that phrase, which is characteristic of the speech not only of athletes, but also of many young people.

In my efforts to impress on my students the desirability of at least trying to eliminate the habit, I wrote this poem ("I"), which has made my advice at least more interesting than the usual efforts.

WITH Y'KNOW, APOLOGIES TO,
Y'KNOW, DR. SEUSS

*Be wary, if you can, of the intrusive y,
Of the rears vowel that is not up to par,
And do all you are able to shun and avoid
The insipid use of a blasphemous word.
But of all the speech errors you should try to
forgo
Is for the most vicious the pernicious "you
know."*

*It appears like a virus, infecting each clause;
It's a virulent toxin of the vocalized pause.
It sneezes—y'know—nothing, but it keeps
sneaking in,
'Til it's clearly become our for worst speak-
ing sin.
It's extremely distracting to hear that same
flow
Of rapid verbosity—it will drive you y'know.*

*Oh, it's a y'know—nothing vital, but we are
sinking low
When we can't—y'know—say a sentence
without saying "y'know."
Victims, perverts, not at all delicious:
Omnipresent, incessant, really unpleasant;
Invasive, abusive, it makes you feel woo-
sie—
I'm speaking, of course, of the awful "you
know."*

WILLIAM R. DEMOURET

Professor of Speech Communication
North Texas State University
Denton, Texas

TENNIS' BUDDY

Sir:

Your article on Bud Collins (*Bold Facts from the Boston Hacker*, April 5) could have been written 25 years ago—only the people

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

around him have changed. At Baldwin-Wallace College he was a lovable character whose biting wit was often employed to take our nonathletic detractors, with their acerbic tastes, down a peg. His enthusiasm, encouragement and love of all sports always made us varsity athletes think we were much better than we really were. That alone made him a joy to have around.

ROBERT A. LESLIE

Cincinnati

Sir:

Hats off to Donald Dale Jackson for his portrayal of Bud Collins. The "Boston Hacker" is one of the most vivacious and provocative announcers in the sports world. Jackson has astutely confirmed my belief in Collins' dedication to his work and the flair for tennis that his broadcasts convey.

ROB HAMILTON

Hamilton, N.Y.

LESSONS FROM MICA CREEK (CONT.)

Sir:

Concerning the letters (March 22) in response to your article on the Mica Creek Dam project (*When They Build Without a Blueprint*, Feb. 23), I had to read the comments by Jonathan Polhamus several times in order to be sure of what he was saying. I knew people like him existed, but I thought they were all working for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Polhamus says the "conservation at all cost" ethic appears throughout the article. Has he ever stopped to think that if we had practiced a little conservation at a small cost throughout the last 100 years, we might not be in the jam we are in today? We wouldn't be running low on most fossil fuels, for one thing. If we had slowed down a little, perhaps we would have more of our wilderness areas left untouched, and fewer endangered species.

Some people don't seem to care about deer, bear, moose and waterfowl. They aren't worth enough on the open market. You cannot convert them into fuel, light a house with them or turn them into lumber to build more houses. After the animals have been destroyed in one area, these people think they can just go on to the next area and start the process all over again. As long as they have an unlimited supply of gas for under \$2 a gallon, can have an all-electric home and can take a four-lane highway to the dark side of the moon and back, they are happy.

We can see the results of building without a plan all around us.

PETER K. LAWTON

Doylstown, Pa.

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We don't cook up surprises.

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(60) and will be served the way you ordered them. 7 other restaurant regu-



lations (61-67) mean you get good food and prompt service in clean surroundings. We are very finicky about our glasses and silverware and tables and restrooms, even our kitchen floors. Everything.

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Is it possible that no one would ever be surprised by anything in a Holiday Inn room or restaurant? Our linemen and Food and Beverage Managers are going to try. They are required to know our rules inside out (68). Each is a graduate of extensive training at the multi-million-dollar Holiday Inn University (69) and is required to take refresher courses every year.

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Don't look for surprises in our lobby.

They're tough to come by. Our lobbies are neat and uncluttered (82) with plenty of helpful information from an area map and schedules (83) to brochures on attractions (84). There's even a church directory (85). Plus six other standards (86-91) that deal only with keeping the lobby clean, comfortable and safe.

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We offer reasonable rates and we stick to them. 3 regulations (113-115) assure that. We also guarantee the



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